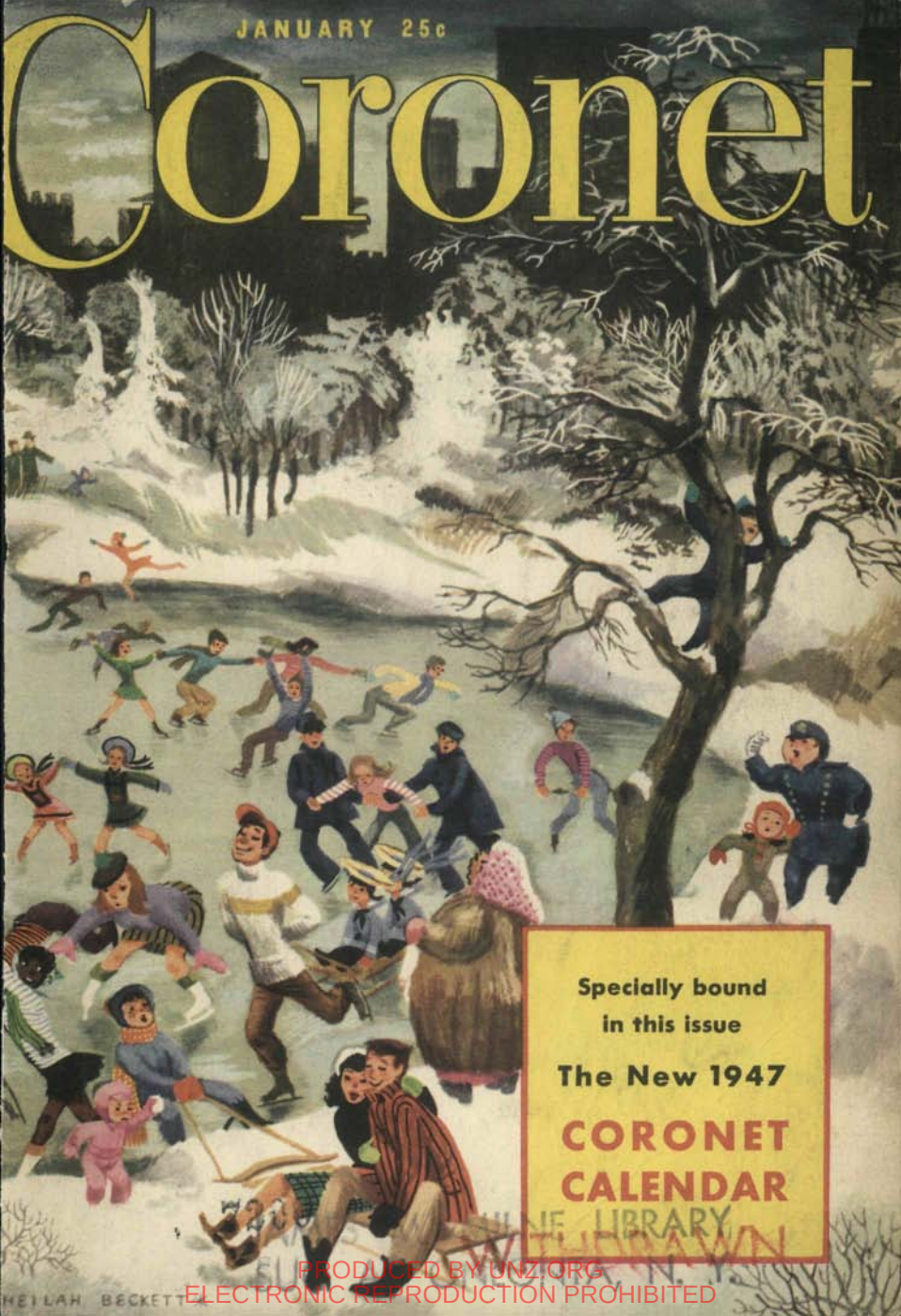


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—SAMUEL JOHNSON

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Endless Variety in Stories and Pictures

HIGHWAY ROBBERY

Coast to Coast

by NORMAN CARLISLE

I STEPPED OUT of the restaurant on the main street of an Arizona town, and tossed the sandwiches into the car. I looked up and down the almost deserted night street, then made a U-turn to take me back to the auto court where my hungry wife and children were waiting. One day of our cross-country drive from California to New York was behind us.

A siren wailed and I pulled over to the curb. The snarling face of an un-uniformed man thrust itself in the open window. He wore the star of a deputy sheriff.

"We're going to run you in!" he barked.

Now I was willing to admit I had been wrong in making the U-turn. I was willing too, to pay a fine. Only I wanted to get it over with quickly, because my wife and children were waiting and hungry. But

the only reply to my protests was, "We're takin' you in."

"Can't you give me a ticket?" I asked.

"We don't give tickets. Move over, buddy!" Another deputy crawled behind the wheel of my car.

I was having my first major encounter with a system of traffic-law enforcement that is fantastically unfair. In fact, the countrywide system of severely penalizing the trivial errors of honest motorists has made a mockery of our far-famed justice.

A few minutes later I was sitting in the anteroom of the County Jail. After a two-hour wait, the surly young deputy agreed that it "might" be possible to find a justice who would let me post bail. But he added: "If I don't find him, we'll throw you in for the night."

At this point (midnight) I was

finally allowed to call my wife. Then a phone call came from the justice, who decided not to hear my case until morning. Whereupon I was searched, relieved of all my belongings and hustled into a cell where I found six companions. They greeted me with jeers. "We've been waiting for you. They hadn't picked up their quota for the day yet."

I spent a miserable, sleepless night in jail, my emotions ranging from impotent anger at my own predicament to grave concern about my wife and children.

In the morning my family appeared and I was let out of my cell. Finally the sheriff arrived, and his zealous young deputy propelled me upstairs to a room where an ancient, bleary-eyed gentleman asked: "Whassa charge?"

"Reckless driving. Obstructing the highway."

"S'bad, 's'bad," the old man muttered, thumbing through a law volume. "That'll be \$35."

So I had made a U-turn, had spent a night in jail, and now I was being fined \$35! It was pure highway robbery—and I knew it.

I left the town determined to find out if I had met with an isolated case of injustice, or whether the scandalous treatment received there could happen to anyone, anywhere. I found a shocking picture of confused laws, ignorant justices, disgraceful courts, incompetent judges. I found that the justice meted out to the 8,000,000 Americans who each year are charged with traffic violations ranges from unreasonable severity to dangerous leniency.

You may be arrested by a State trooper, a county sheriff, a city policeman or a town constable.

You may be tried by a State court, a county court, a municipal court, or a justice of the peace. Whatever the penalty, you will likely lose all respect for our judicial system in general.

TRAFFIC-COURT justice at its worst is to be found in cities and rural areas where some 46,000 justices of the peace conduct a legal system carried over from Colonial days. This scandalous situation is doubly tragic, for it prevails in exactly the areas where enforcement should be at its best.

In the 10 years preceding the war, deaths from traffic accidents *increased* 43 per cent in rural districts, while in cities over 10,000 they *dropped* 20 per cent. A great part of this rural increase is due to the incredibly antiquated system of justice, which ranges all the way from no enforcement at all to legalized highway robbery that extracts millions of dollars from the 2,000,000 or more traffic offenders tried each year by justices of the peace.

The chances of your getting a square deal when haled before a justice of the peace are slim. A large part of the J.P.'s income is derived from the costs he collects. Added to this incentive to finding everyone guilty is his ignorance of the law. The requirements for justices of the peace are lower than those for any other public official. In 45 of the 47 States which have justices, no requirements whatsoever are stated by law.

One of the truly scandalous aspects of the J.P. system is the absence of decent court facilities. Trials have been held in stores of

all kinds, in gas stations, even on public roads. One justice presides in a one-room shack containing a bed, sink, two chairs and a dresser which does double duty as a table. A New Jersey justice holds court in the ice-cream parlor of which he is proprietor. A motorist arrested in Tennessee was taken out to the barn where the justice was milking a cow, a procedure which he continued during the hearing, finally muttering, "That'll be \$10."

As might be expected, the decisions handed down in such fantastic courts range from the ludicrous to downright tyranny. Conviction records read like this: California, 97 per cent; Michigan, 97.5; Maine, 98; New York, 98. In one month, Ohio J.P.s tried 1,800 traffic cases. There was only one acquittal. The national average runs over 98 per cent. It just isn't possible that the motorist can be right only 2 per cent of the time.

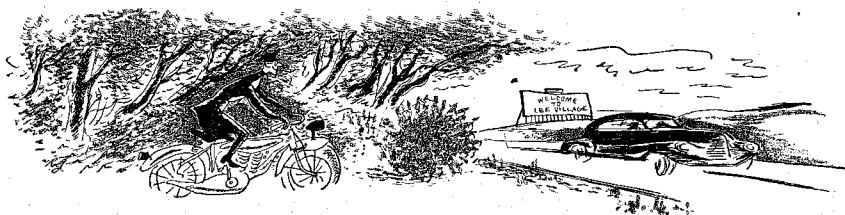
Fines frequently bear no relationship to charges. One J.P., with no idea of what the law allowed, invariably collected \$10, regardless of the offense. Another J.P. fined a motorist \$100 for inability to produce a driver's license. At the other extreme, a motorist who carelessly hit a car, injuring a woman and baby, was given a \$2 fine.

The fact that many arrests made by town constables are simply

money-raising schemes is evidenced by comparing the number of arrests made by State troopers with the number made by town policemen. For instance, in Orange, Connecticut, arrests in one year totaled 1,649. Only 86 were made by State troopers patrolling the same highway watched by constables. And in Ohio, one J.P. rang up \$4,553 on his cash register from returns on a single traffic light, until public protest put him out of business.

Many motorists have found that the justice will frequently reduce the fine in exchange for a plea of guilty, the usual statement being: "This will make it easier for both of us." Other stout-hearted drivers, insisting on the right to trial, will find their bond set, say, at \$50, but if you should post bond and return for trial, you will likely find that the justice had simply entered the bond as payment of fine and costs, indicating you had pleaded guilty.

Those two words "and costs" frequently set the motorist back more than the fine itself. A driver drawing only a \$5 fine may find himself charged with "costs" ranging up to \$28. Puzzled, he gets slight satisfaction from learning that in some cases there is a sheriff's fee of \$5 even though the sheriff had nothing to do with the arrest. The victim may also find \$5 listed for "prosecutor's fee," though no prosecutor



was within miles of the court.

Under the cost system, everybody gets paid. "Costs" of \$15 may include \$3 to the justice for trying the case, \$2 to the clerk for filing the abstract, \$1 to the constable for every 12-hour period he had the prisoner in custody, plus \$2 for appearing in court with his victim, plus 25 cents a mile for traveling to the court, plus 25 cents for every mile he chased the motorist.

The municipal courts, through which pass some 6,500,000 traffic cases a year, present a picture less shocking than the J.P. system. Yet many of them are so bad from every standpoint that it is no wonder city drivers are cynical about justice.

Visit a courtroom in a large Midwestern city and you will find this: a throng of witnesses and defendants jammed onto hard, uncomfortable benches. Nobody knows when his case is to be called, and the uproar drowns out the judge's voice. Witnesses are kept waiting for hours. No wonder the sane citizen pays his fine and flees this roaring madhouse.

In nearly half our cities, no distinction is made between traffic cases and other types. Luckless motorists may be forced to sit in court for a whole day while prostitutes, drunks, wife-beaters and petty criminals parade before the judge. And then the defendant will likely find his case is not to be called and that he will have to come back again the next day.

So many people crowd around the judge's desk during a trial that it is not surprising that a judge in Ohio made the mistake of fining a witness instead of the defendant.

The speed with which cases are heard is a guarantee that justice

can't be done. An Indianapolis judge prided himself on getting cases through at an average of two minutes each. In many courts, cases are disposed of in 30 seconds, with the bewildered motorist, who may have waited hours for his "day in court," finding himself crowded into the "guilty" line moving towards the cashier's window.

The penalty exacted from a motorist frequently depends on the judge's humor at the moment. For example, an Oregon judge levied a fine of \$6 on a motorist who was driving without a license, speeding, and deliberately driving close to the curb to splash mud on pedestrians. Yet the same day this judge fined a motorist \$10 and costs for failing to stop at a traffic signal which was hidden by a parked truck.

A judge in Wyoming has a well-known dislike for New Yorkers, and automatically imposes a \$25 fine on any driver from that state. A California judge goes easy on defendants hailing from his home state of Iowa. Alabama has a capricious judge who settles cases by having the defendants roll dice to determine their fine or the number of days to be spent in jail.

The influence of bad courts and judges extends directly to America's streets and highways, for a policeman is no better than the type of court to which his cases are taken. Judges often fail to advise policemen on limitations of power. Recently three young men were driving on the Pulaski Skyway near Newark when a patrolman started after them. When their car failed to slow down, the policeman drew his pistol and fired, the bullet piercing the rear of the car. Luckily none of

the young men were injured, but the fact remains that their lives were endangered.

The reckless policeman acted in direct violation of the law, which states that a policeman may not shoot at a misdemeanor. Yet, overbearing patrolmen who act like snarling Gestapomen are encouraged in their illegal conduct toward the motorist.

From the motorist's point of view, nothing contributes more to disrespect for law than the fact that countless offenders get their traffic tickets "fixed." A survey by the National Committee on Traffic Law Enforcement revealed that in 39 out of 76 typical cities, the fix was common. In some of these cities, the situation is so bad that sometimes half of the offenders never even show up in court.

The widespread practice of fixing, by one trick or another, has created a cynical disregard for law enforcement. "You're a sucker to pay for a traffic violation" has become almost an axiom with many otherwise law-abiding people.

IS THIS situation hopeless? Not exactly. There *are* changes which can be made to bring the antiquated justice of our traffic courts into line with the needs of modern motorists. Before the war a program was drafted by the National Conference of Judicial Councils and the National Committee on Traffic Law Enforcement. Subsequently the program was approved by the American Bar Association, the President's Highway Safety Conference, the National Safety Council and the International Association of Chiefs of Police. There is nothing

theoretical about this plan: experts agree it will work. In my opinion, here is what we must do:

1. *Improve the administration of justice in traffic cases.* Trials of traffic cases by justices-of-the-peace should be improved or such trials should be conducted through a system of modern state-wide courts, presided over by adequately paid, full-time judges with special knowledge of traffic laws. Virginia, Maryland, Tennessee, Indiana and Missouri have already replaced justices for traffic-court trials, with striking improvement in enforcement.

2. *Stop ticket fixing.* A number of cities, among them Seattle, Portland, Kansas City and Tulsa, have proved that fixing *can* be stopped. A few simple administrative changes to eliminate *opportunities* for fixing will reduce the practice to a minimum. Public demand, plus regular audits published by local newspapers, can effect these changes.

3. *Make fines and penalties fit the offense.* What fines are *your* local courts imposing on traffic offenders? Are some motorists being fined \$25 for trivial offenses, while drunken drivers get off with \$5 fines? Are fines being imposed on the basis of the judge's temper at the moment? Evidences of unequal justice should be brought to the attention of every motorist in your community.

4. *Elect and appoint better judges.* To administer true justice, we need a higher type of judge—men with a knowledge not only of the law but of modern traffic problems as well. Salaries must be raised, the volume of work reduced. Able prosecutors are needed to assist the judges, relieving them of extraneous duties. Every voter should support only

those candidates who are obviously qualified for the work.

5. *Establish better court facilities and procedures.* We must have clean, modern courts, equipped to dispense honest justice. Even relatively small sums for repairs and janitor service would do much to improve the typical traffic court. Equally important, the court must be laid out to permit efficient conduct of trials. The room should be equipped with diagram boards, maps, miniature automobiles and pedestrians, to help witnesses, officers and defendants explain what happened.

Court visits by local citizens' committees and the filing of complaints about disorderly proceedings can do much to make judges observe proper procedure.

6. *Have separate traffic courts or hearings.* The special requirements of traffic cases demand separate courts from those used for criminal proceedings. Even if it is not practicable in many communities to set up special courts, the public should demand that traffic cases be heard on a separate docket at a separate session of court.

7. *Establish uniform traffic laws.* The National Conference on Street and Highway Safety has developed the Uniform Motor Vehicle Code and the Model Traffic Ordinances, many features of which have already been adopted in all 48 states. Wherever they have been applied,

they have promptly improved enforcement. This excellent Uniform Code can be made law of the land if motorists will exert pressure on their local governing bodies.

These seven changes can be effected in any community. Don't let public apathy retard them. Every neighborhood, every community, should establish enforcement committees. Such groups can secure the aid of traffic-court committees set up in every state by the National Safety Council and the Junior Bar Conference of the American Bar Association. Awareness of community demands will give enforcement agencies an incentive to clean up what is now a disgraceful national scandal.

Until there is community action on a nation-wide scale we will continue to have the kind of justice represented by the legal holdup of an Eastern motorist passing through a Utah town. He was driving slowly along the street when a justice, seated on a porch with his feet propped up, motioned him to come over. The motorist made a U-turn to bring his car before the justice.

"I charge you with making a U-turn," the justice said.

While the motorist spluttered, the justice asked him where he was from and where he was going. Then he snapped: "You couldn't be driving that far if you didn't have some money. Ten dollars!"

All the Same

ANDREW CARNEGIE, asked which he considered the most important factor in industry—labor, capital or brains—replied, "Which is the most important leg of a three-legged stool?"

The Strange Death of Heinrich Himmler

by JOHN C. SCHWARZWALDER



There have been many conflicting accounts of the death of Heinrich Himmler, some of them pure speculation. Here is the authentic, eye-witness story told by a member of the intelligence division of the Army Service Forces. Maj. John C. Schwarzwaldler went overseas with Patton's western task force and became intelligence officer for the Port of Casablanca. In the invasion of Southern France, he had charge of intelligence activities in Marseilles and Toulon, and later at Bijon, Liege and the Ardennes. Maj. Schwarzwaldler was on the scene when Himmler died. —THE EDITORS

AMONG THE GROUPS we were most anxious to catch after the occupation of Germany was that body of men known as the *Geheime Feld-Polizei* or Secret Field Police, composed of operatives who, while attached to the German Army, were specialists in catching Allied spies.

German intelligence had more spectacular groups, but none more capable. Proof of their efficiency is the fact that although there were hundreds of thousands of Russians, Poles, Czechs, Slovaks and men of other nationalities fighting in the German Army, there was never a serious mutiny. Another evidence of efficiency is the fact that very few were ever captured before the

occupation of Germany or, if captured, identified as GFP. We in the U. S. Counter Intelligence hated their guts but had great professional respect for them.

It was natural that we wanted to nab GFP men almost as much as we wanted Gestapo-men, and the British felt the same way about it. To the great surprise, therefore, of British military police who had established a road block near the Oder River, a group of 12 rather elderly German non-coms presented themselves one May evening as discharged members of the GFP, desiring passage south to their homes. What surprised the police was not the appearance of the group or even the fact that their papers were in order (which was rare in those days) but the fact that the men admitted belonging to the GFP.

The MPs promptly delivered the group to the nearest British Intelligence unit, which in turn sent them to a Preliminary Interrogation Center near Bremen. The young British officer in charge there decided something was wrong with the set-up, but he was swamped with work, as was every intelligence man at the time, so he

Excerpted from the book, *We Caught Spies*, published at \$2.75 by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., New York, N. Y.; copyright by John C. Schwarzwaldler.

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pushed them along to the Detailed Interrogation Center, 30 miles farther away.

The British major in charge there was a capable man, but he too was literally worked to death. He called the lieutenant at the Preliminary Center and wanted to know why in hell the lieutenant was crowding his camp with non-coms from the GFP. The lieutenant explained that, while he had not had time for a complete interrogation, the papers were a little too perfect. The major was too old a hand not to respect the intuition of a trained agent, so he agreed to have a look.

The center hauled up the 12 prisoners for questioning. They were all stripped and searched, the search involving not only their clothing—shoes and shoe linings, seams of trousers and coats—but also their persons. This was not only wise but customary. There is no better way to interrogate a man than when he is standing naked before you and you are comfortably seated smoking a cigarette.

All the Germans were searched, but nothing was found. Then, as interrogation commenced, one of the Germans stepped forward. "I am the adjutant of Heinrich Himmler," he announced.

Jaws dropped among the interrogators. They looked at one another, wondering what this was all about. A second German stepped forward.

"I am Heinrich Himmler," he said. He wore a patch over one eye and was much thinner than his pictures. The interrogators looked at him incredulously. He removed the patch from his eye, which was the same watery blue that not only

Himmler's but a million other Germans' eyes were. He stood before the British officers and looked at them directly.

"I am Heinrich Himmler," he repeated in German, "and I demand to see Field Marshal Montgomery on a matter of tremendous consequence."

By this time the British officers had mentally added 20 pounds of fat and a moustache to his figure and face, and were almost convinced he *was* Himmler. They asked him a few questions, and he answered them briefly and correctly, at the same time demanding again to see Montgomery. The British asked him why.

"I have definite information," he said, "that the Russians intend to cross the Elbe either tonight or tomorrow and attack the Second British Army. I also can procure for Marshal Montgomery several German SS Divisions to enable him to defend his army."

THE OFFICER in charge told the rest of the prisoners to go back to their cells. He gave the naked Himmler a pair of shorts and an army blanket to throw around his shoulders. He called up his immediate superior and told him the news, then sat down to do an interrogation of the man who was head of the Gestapo, the Nazi Party Intelligence organization and the German Army Intelligence.

At first Himmler refused to talk to anyone less than Montgomery, but he changed his mind when the officer told him the Field Marshal was not immediately available. He answered questions briefly but completely. He said he had no time for

minor matters, that he was extremely anxious to get on with the matter of resisting the Russians. He seemed convinced that, now Hitler was dead, the British and Americans would be fighting the Russians within a few days. His last and best mission in life, he said, was to bring the support of what was left of Germany to aid England and America in the fight against the "hordes of the East." He seemed more sincere in this than any important prisoner who had been captured up until then.

In the midst of the questioning Colonel Blimp walked in. You know the type of man I mean. As he entered all the British arose, and Himmler stood, too, expecting perhaps to see Montgomery.

Colonel Blimp looked him over carefully and said, "So you're Himmler, are you, by gad?" Himmler started to say something and Colonel Blimp roared "Shut up, you pig!" Himmler probably did not understand very much English but he understood that, all right. He shut up like a clam and never spoke another word as long as he lived.

Colonel Blimp then ordered Himmler searched again. It was explained to him that Himmler had already been searched. Colonel Blimp fixed his subordinate with a steely eye and ordered Himmler searched again. The prisoner objected violently, but his silent struggles did no good. He was searched again, thoroughly.

At the end of the search an army doctor told Himmler to open his mouth. The prisoner did so, but as the doctor put his finger in, Himmler bit down. The doctor withdrew

his finger hastily. Himmler then ground his teeth together and swallowed hard. Some say he smiled grimly. In another second he was on the floor writhing in agony.

The British were on him in a moment. Himmler was strung up, head downward. His throat was flushed, emetics were given. Everything possible was done to keep him alive, but all in vain. In just 12 minutes Himmler was dead.

The vial of potassium cyanide which killed him had been cleverly fitted around a sunken wisdom tooth. All Himmler needed to do at any moment was to shift his jaw and bite down. The efforts of the British doctor to keep him alive prolonged his agony but could not save him for a later hanging.

THE BRITISH INTELLIGENCE officers were very bitter at Colonel Blimp. He had violated a cardinal principle of interrogation: "When a prisoner is talking, let him talk. Guide his speech, bring him around to what you want to know, but do not do anything that will cause him to cease talking."

I cannot say how much the British and all of us lost by the abrupt ending of Himmler's interrogation. I do not know how much information he may have had to give, for example, on the mysterious death of Hitler or the likelihood of Goebbels being alive. I do know that he could have given a veritable treasury of information about his own organizations, about how he won control of the German Army Intelligence, about his methods of keeping the Wehrmacht in line, about the fate of many of our agents who had disappeared, about plans

for the Wehrwolf organization and the tie-up of that body with the Hitler Jugend.

He could have told us which men who worked for us in Germany were agents of his, sent in to fool us. He could have told us how shot-down Allied aviators were betrayed by Gestapo men who had infiltrated into resistance organizations. There were hundreds of things he could have told us.

Personally, I should have liked to know exactly why Himmler, possessed of fabulous resources for disguise and escape, chose to pass himself off as a sergeant in the Secret Field Police. I wanted to know why he didn't get papers to prove he was a quartermaster sergeant or an artillery non-com or any one of a hundred other identities which would have reduced his chances of being caught. I wanted to know if the real reason he equipped himself with GFP papers was so that he could not be stopped by ordinary German troops while getting away. I wanted to know why he was heading for Munich, as he told the military police. Whom was he expecting to meet there?

I think the whole world wants to know why he maintained the horror camps at Dachau and Buchenwald

and Belsen. I would like to know how a reasonably well-brought-up man (and he was) and a reasonably well-educated man (and he was) could be the perpetrator of such activities. Where and from whom did he get the idea that he was second only to Hitler and that Hitler was second not even to God? What causes such a man to tick? How does the mechanism run?

Well, thanks to Colonel Blimp, we shall never know the answers. Yet all of us made enough mistakes in the war not to blame the Colonel too much. After all, those who made the first search did not find the cyanide.

The rest of the story is brief. The Russians sent over three high officers to look at the remains and determine whether this was really Himmler. They went away satisfied. The day after, a party of British officers and men carried the body to a lonely spot in the woods of North Germany. There they buried it. They swore an oath never to reveal the location of the grave, and they will keep that oath.

There were no prayers, no tears. The greatest mass murderer of all time had gone back to earth—and it seems doubtful that even God will have mercy on his soul.



Work and to Spare

A SHABBILY-DRESSED fellow knocked on the door of the little farmhouse and pleaded for some task which might earn him a much-needed meal. "Clear out!" shouted the farmer's wife. "I ain't got no wood to chop. There ain't nothing you can do around here."

"Pardon me, madam," the man replied with quiet dignity. "How about a few lessons in grammar?"

NEW FOOD For Hungry Millions

Food yeast, a miracle of nature, may free the world from the threat of starvation

by MADELYN WOOD

THE AMAZED SCIENTIST peered at the figures again and rubbed his eyes. Once more he thumbed through the batch of photographs attached to the paper on which the figures were written. Incredible, yet true! Thoughtfully, he reached into a jar and pinched the brownish powder between thumb and forefinger. There was magic in that powder—sheer magic that could change the history of the world!

The well-known scientist of the University of Arkansas, Dr. Barnett Sure, sitting in his laboratory deep in the Ozarks, could visualize the picture. Out beyond the green mountains was a starving world, and here, in this humbly miraculous powder, lay the means of feeding it. It was a means that required no vast acreage for agricultural production, no expensive factories, no special knowledge or scientific skill.

This substance was produced by a miracle of natural chemistry in which nature herself does most of the work. Almost overnight, the powder could revolutionize the food situation of the world and help pro-

vide adequate diets for millions who were slowly starving.

The substance which so excited the eager scientist bears a somewhat familiar name. It is called food yeast. Not just yeast, but *food* yeast. It is miraculous because it contains a high percentage of protein, that necessity for growth and health which modern nutritionists have found to be so dreadfully lacking in most of the world's diet.

In the 1920s we went through an era in which calories were popularized as the basis of diet. In the '30s the emphasis was on vitamins. Now in the '40s, nutritionists have turned to proteins, for the world is desperately protein-hungry. Even the diet of many Americans does not give the necessary minimum.

Nutritionists know that the amount must be at least 70 grams a day. Yet there are two groups of people who must have *far more* than 70 grams. Pregnant women need at least 85 grams daily, for failure to receive this amount can result in the birth of a child shorter than average, light in weight and dangerously subject to disease. The sec-

ond group comprises growing children, who need 40 to 100 grams of protein daily, depending on the size and age of the child.

Thus, even if we write off the plight of the world's adults who lack a protein-rich diet, we are condemning younger generations to disease-ridden lives simply because they do not get enough of a substance that could be supplied readily and inexpensively by that magic powder, food yeast.

Food yeast, however, is not eaten in powder form. It is put into food that already exists, with little effect on taste but with startling effects on nutritional value. Recently a group of scientists sat down to a meal which looked orthodox: a cream soup, chicken croquettes, and a pudding. Because every dish contained food yeast, the scientists were told they were getting as much protein as that contained in two large steaks.

The scientists were human enough to admit that from the standpoint of sheer satisfaction, they'd prefer the steak, but from the nutritional standpoint they recognized that the meal represented a startling advance in meeting the world's most baffling nutritional problem.

ODDLY ENOUGH, the making of food yeast is as old as man's brewing of beer, an art discovered 6,000 years ago. Brewer's yeast, the most common form of food yeast, has been thrown away through the centuries. Then, in World War I, the scientists in hard-pressed Germany started to look for food substitutes. One of their jobs was to find a substitute for meat, and they quickly discovered it in yeast.

They created a kind called "mineral yeast," and it was produced in some quantity. Then Germany's sugar supply was cut off, and since sugar is necessary to yeast making, they had to cease production. There the experiments seem to have halted, to be resumed briefly in the 1920s and '30s by researchers in America and Europe. But not much progress was made until the start of World War II, when England, facing the possibility of starvation, was forced to act.

Researchers hastened to delve into the record of earlier experiments. Then Dr. A. C. Thaysen and his co-worker, Murile Morris, started on a project which may well become one of the classic milestones in the history of man's long struggle to find the right foods.

There are many kinds of yeast, all microscopic organisms abounding in the air. Thaysen studied the existing yeasts and shook his head. "What we need," he announced, "is a new kind—one that will grow faster than any now known."

Finally, after examining hundreds of types, Thaysen found the one he wanted, a strain known as *Torulopsis utilis*. Now Thaysen and his faithful assistants set to work in earnest. Day and night, seven days a week, they toiled in the government's laboratories near London. Always they were driven by the knowledge that the beleaguered British Isles desperately needed food; and that protein loomed large in that need.

At last, in 1943, they announced a yeast that could perform miracles of multiplication. Thaysen directed the building of a factory and showed how yeast could be made

in it. It is an astonishingly simple process.

Into a vat containing 7,000 gallons of ordinary water go approximately 125 pounds of yeast cultures (the equivalent of seeds), a ton and a half of molasses and some ammonia. The hungry, growing yeast feeds on the sugar in the molasses and converts the ammonia into nutritious proteins.

In 12 hours the strange mixture emerges as a ton of creamy paste, which is dried into flakes or powder, or compressed into tablets. Once dried, it will keep indefinitely, apparently never losing the concentrated food value packed into it.

In just 24 hours a single small vat can produce as much protein value as would be found in four two-year-old steers! Kept working year round, such a vat can produce more proteins than would be obtained from 1,000 acres of protein-containing vegetables! No wonder scientists are beginning to say that yeast can solve the 20th century's food problems.

Yet all over the world, quantities are actually thrown away. Brewer's yeast has long been an unwanted by-product of breweries. But as it is bitter and cannot be stomachied by human beings, processes have been developed to create a "de-bittered" yeast, which has a nut-like flavor similar to that in food yeasts directly produced.

There is nothing theoretical about what food yeast can do, for the war record is there to be read. Before the war ended, we were shipping 30,000,000 yeast tablets a month under Lend-Lease. Our own Army used 1,000,000 pounds of dry yeast a month, and it was part of the field

rations of the German and Russian armies. Civilians had their chance to try it in experiments like those carried out by the School of Nutrition at Cornell University.

Here yeast was included in cookies, cakes, doughnuts, meats, bread and soup. Hundreds of people were invited to eat the foods and then were asked about taste. The vast majority professed they could not detect the yeast at all, a few thought that it added a spicy flavor, still fewer objected to the taste.

At a big industrial cafeteria, 1,500 daily diners were the unwitting subjects of an experiment. Here yeast was added to all foods during an experimental period, with apparently no one noticing any difference in taste. In experiments at the University of Arkansas, it has been found that if diners are not informed in advance that yeast has been added, they are unaware of difference.

WHAT YEAST DOES to the nutritional value of food is little short of astonishing. In the cafeteria experiment, just three ounces added to a gallon of finished food produced amazing increases in food values. Thiamin was increased nine times in Creole soup, six times in chop suey, twelve times in veal stew and fourteen times in macaroni. Riboflavin content showed comparable increases.

In the South, the Red Cross has already distributed huge quantities of yeast as a means of combating pellagra, disease of malnutrition. Agriculture has also turned eagerly to yeast, with impressive results. Fed to cattle, it is said to increase their weight and general stamina;

chicken feeds containing yeast have been found to increase egg production by as much as 25 per cent, while the eggs contain larger amounts of the B vitamins.

During World War II the Nazis produced 200,000,000 pounds of cultured yeasts annually to help supply the German people with the badly needed proteins to carry on their war for world domination.

In medicine, too, yeast has made advances. Dr. William DeKleine of Michigan reports that it may be valuable in treating many diseases, such as diabetes and anemia, in which nutrition is an important factor. He has also carried out experiments indicating that limited quantities of food yeast in the regular diet had the effect of reducing blood pressure.

OTHER dramatic experiments have been conducted by Dr. Sure at the University of Arkansas. Dr. Sure, who is credited as one of the discoverers of Vitamin E, set out to see what food yeast could really do. As his subjects he used white rats, whose response to nutrition is virtually the same as that of human beings. What happened would seem almost unbelievable if it were not for the records.

For nine weeks, two rats born on the same day were fed an identical ration, with the exception that one per cent of one rat's ration was removed and dried yeast substituted. After nine weeks the rat which did not get yeast weighed 69 grams, the other weighed 127 grams!

If this happened when only one per cent was used, what would happen if the yeast was increased? Dr. Sure found out by experiments

with other rats. When the ratio was increased to five per cent, the rat that was fed yeast showed a 300 per cent increase in weight.

Now all this occurred when yeast was added to a basic cereal diet. And right there is the key to the world-shaking significance of food yeast. For the fact is that the food supply of most nations is made up of cereals. More than half the world derives over half its calories from cereals, *the very foods that are most lacking in proteins and the very foods to which yeast can be added with the most startling results!*

Thus yeast takes its place in the world food situation, not only in the present emergency stage but in the long-run picture. Look at India, a nation of more than 300,000,000. While the U. S. has 3.3 acres per capita for raising crops, India has only 0.78. No matter how her farms were mechanized, India could not possibly grow enough food or raise enough meat animals to provide a proper national diet. There is a further complicating factor—the religious belief which bars meat from the diet of a majority of those 300,000,000 people. A nutritionist can only shudder when he thinks of India. Hence the situation for yeast is ideal there.

India has the largest sugar-cane industry in Asia, an industry that produces molasses, a great deal of which is now wasted. There is further waste because the industry operates only for about a third of the year. Yeast production could make this laggard industry a full-time producer, which in itself would contribute to economic prosperity. Meanwhile, by adding yeast to the diet, the present-day native of In-

dia, undernourished and subject to disease, could become a robust, vigorous individual.

If yeast were used for world-wide consumption, could we produce enough of it? Our brewing industry could help greatly; in a normal year breweries produce a surplus of 30,000,000 pounds. Perhaps 10 per cent of this is used in the pharmaceutical trade. Perhaps one-third is fed to livestock. More than half is thrown away.

Here is a start toward world yeast needs. The remainder could easily be produced in unlimited quantities in nearly any country, but particularly in those where sugar cane is readily available. The richest soil, producing under the most ideal conditions, cannot yield a protein return like that of the yeast vat.

In fact, there is no reason why

you should not enjoy the added benefits of yeast in your own home cooking. De-bittered brewer's yeast is sold at most drugstores. Modified recipes for its use in muffins, cakes, cookies, meats, soups and gravies may be obtained by writing to the makers. And the cost is low. Present prices range from 40 to 50 cents a pound.

Even now, the possibilities of yeast have barely been explored. Many experts believe it will be the basis of synthetic foods of the future. Already success has been achieved in producing yeast of varied tastes, and scientists now predict that it will be possible to grow yeasts with any flavor from beef stew to strawberry. But meanwhile, whether or not you sit down to a "yeast steak," it is pleasant to know that the magic of food yeast can bring health and vigor to the world's hungry millions.



Conversation Stoppers

A PRETTY, FLUTTERY young woman approached a saleswoman at the yarn counter of a department store for instructions on how to make a dog's sweater. "How big is your dog?" asked the saleslady.

The young woman tried unsuccessfully to describe the size of the dog and finally the saleswoman suggested: "Why don't you bring him in and let me measure him?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that," the distressed woman answered. "I want it to be a surprise."

—DAN BENNETT in *Short*

STRICKLAND GILLILAN, the writer, was scheduled for a lecture in a small Ohio town. When he arrived at the meeting hall, he noticed that the usual pitcher of water and glass were missing. He called the chairman's attention to it.

"Do you want the pitcher of water to drink?" asked the chairman.

"No," said Gillilan. "I do a high-diving act."

Boston's School for Job- Hunting Vets

by DAMON STETSON

A unique service center is teaching our returned servicemen how to find work they really like and are best fitted to do

JOHN BARBER of Medford, Massachusetts, was gloomy and discouraged. Several weeks of unsuccessful job-hunting can wear a man down.

John was an ex-Marine, a decorated veteran of Guadalcanal. When he was crouching in a foxhole he thought there was nothing he wanted more than to return safely home and go back to his old job as a gas-station attendant. But after returning, he found that while he had changed, the job hadn't. Before the war he had been satisfied to drift along. Now he was married and anxious to work at something that promised a real future.

His wife encouraged his ambitions so he quit the filling station. But soon he discovered that while getting "a" job was one thing, getting "the" job was another. Because he wanted to sell, he spent a month answering ads and waiting nervously in reception rooms. But when a prospective employer asked him *what* he wanted to sell, he would reply enthusiastically: "Any-

thing at all! I like selling and if you'll give me a chance I'll show you what I can do."

His only offers were peddling jobs. "What a salesman I am," he thought. "I can't even sell myself!"

Then he heard about a newly organized Veterans' Job Hunting School. He visited the Greater Boston Veterans' Service Center, enrolled in a course and in two weeks landed a position with a wholesale hardware firm at \$60 a week.

Now John Barber's experience was not unique. Several hundred Boston veterans have had their service-marketing techniques analyzed and are now employed or have found better jobs. The director of this remarkable school is Roland Darling, staff member of the Center who originated the famous Forty Plus Clubs of the Depression years. He also founded the Job Hunters of Boston in 1939, an organization which helped more than 4,000 unemployed young people find jobs before the war.

Darling is quick to explain that there was no miracle about the way Barber got a job after attending school. "He had the stuff to start with. He was really a born salesman, but in his first interviews he wasn't organized. We just helped him adjust his aim toward a particular job. We gave him practice interviews, analyzed his own special market value, and then he went out and got the job himself."

THE STORY of the school's development is an inspiring example of Yankee enterprise. In Boston, as in other cities, many veterans found themselves members of the notorious "52-20 Club" (\$20 a week for

52 weeks, courtesy of Uncle Sam). Far from complacent about this status, a group of Boston veterans decided to do something. There must be a reason, they decided, why veterans couldn't find good jobs.

Many didn't seem to know what they wanted. Others didn't know how or where to look. And virtually none of the men understood the importance of the market-value approach in job hunting.

After discussing the situation they went to Darling. "Rod," as they soon came to call him, gathered a committee of 40 veterans to work with him on the project. Next, he conducted an experimental school with the committee for a period of three months.

The group tested various suggestions on procedure. They collected files of job information. They made phonograph records of good and bad interviews. They prepared sample letters of application and education-experience summaries. They arranged for clerical help through the Center, so that veterans could have their application papers typed for them free of charge.

Before the experimental course was completed, most members of the committee had obtained jobs. Finally, through their practical trial-and-error method, the Job Hunting School was founded and a two-day, four-session course formulated, with classes kept small so that each veteran receives individual attention. The entire program

is now being conducted by a group of 75 veterans under Darling's direction.

The school was approved by a committee of 100 Boston business and professional men and women representing labor, industry, religion, education and other groups. This committee set up the Service Center, which supplies counselor service and clerical help for the school. Money is provided by citizens who have contributed to the Greater Boston Community Fund.

Classes were originally held only in the Boston Y.M.C.A., but the demand soon became so great that the course has now been extended to two suburban Y.M.C.As. Once

a week there is an evening session with a round table on interviewing. Personnel managers from Boston firms conduct these classes which include actual interviews followed by criticism from both veterans and interviewers. Here the veteran has a chance to meet face-to-face the type of employer or personnel man to whom he is trying to

sell his services.

Darling emphasizes organization and "the rifle approach" (aiming at a particular job) in his advice to job-hunters. "You've got to know what you want to do and why you want to do it," he says. "But this idea of selling yourself is bunk. You're actually selling services."

There was an aggressive ex-sergeant in one class who for weeks had been trying vainly to land a



job. In his original interview with a Center counselor, he admitted he wasn't sure just what he wanted to do. But in the course of conversation they began talking about National Service Life Insurance.

The counselor, a veteran too, said he was considering letting his policy lapse because of the financial burden. The young ex-sergeant took this as a challenge. He was married and had investigated the benefits of a government policy. Quickly he explained the advantages of keeping the policy on a term basis for two or three years at small cost. He had the facts and presented them well.

When he had finished, the counselor asked: "Why don't you sell insurance? You've just sold me."

The ex-sergeant showed interest. He attended the job-hunting school and went through practice interviews. He investigated insurance companies and selected three for which he would like to work. Then, under Darling's direction, he prepared letters of application.

In his job interviews he was at ease, because he had had practice and knew what he was talking about. His answers to questions were well thought out. Most important of all, he knew why he wanted to sell insurance. Today, the young ex-sergeant is making a good living, doing the kind of work for which he is admirably suited.

EXPERIENCE SHOWS that the job-hunter's letter of application is one of the most vital factors in his campaign. Darling emphasizes this in his classes. "It's a good idea," he says, "to address the company just by its name, unless you have

the name of a specific person who does the hiring.

"Let simplicity be your keynote and don't try to tell your prospective employer how to run his business. Be brief and arouse interest. Remember that you've got to get an interview, so end with a sentence such as, 'I will phone your secretary early in the week to find out when I may come to see you.'"

Darling recalls one effective example of startling brevity. This job-hunter, a girl with exceptional qualifications for the job she was after, wrote: "I've been looking for the perfect employer for a long time. When can I come in and see you?"

"You can bet she got an interview," Darling says. "And—she got the job too."

The interview is the crux of the job-hunt. At Darling's school, veterans are told to learn all they can about the company by library research and personal contacts. They are urged to organize their best selling points and special qualifications, so that they can hammer at these during the interview.

Darling also offers these tips on interviews: "Act in your best and simplest manner. Look your prospective employer in the eye, smile, and sit down when he asks you to. Don't smoke unless he does. Be careful of the million-dollar idea because it's probably not so hot. Don't linger after the interview but leave the way open for a follow-up."

During school the veterans often help each other by contributing helpful ideas, but they are bluntly frank in criticizing the techniques of the classmates. At one session a personable young man, with a good

educational background and apparent know-how, was given a practice interview by another veteran. He did well, but admitted that prospective employers in the sales field were cool to him.

The veteran who had conducted the interview asked, "Were you wounded in the right arm?"

The young man looked up sharply. "No. Why?"

"Well, then, I'd recommend you warm up that dead-fish handshake you just gave me."

Darling emphasizes to his pupils the benefits offered to veterans by the On-the-Job Training Program, available under the G. I. Bill of Rights.* For example, a married veteran who had worked on the *Stars and Stripes* wanted to become a journalist, but lacking civilian experience he was getting no encouragement from Boston newspapers. At the school he learned about On-the-Job Training. Darling suggested suburban newspapers as likely prospects for such a program.

The veteran obtained an interview with one small-town publisher,

*See *Fit Yourself to a Lasting Job*. Coronet, Sept., 1946

but the latter explained he couldn't afford to pay the veteran a suitable salary and train him at the same time. The young man countered by explaining how the publisher could pay him a small salary during the training period, with the government making up part of the difference between that sum and the wage of an experienced man.

As a result, the veteran went to work for only \$28 a week; since he is married, the government gives him \$90 a month while he learns the business. Thanks to Darling's advice, his income totals almost \$50 a week, which represents the pay he will regularly receive after his apprenticeship is completed.

Darling believes a job-hunting school such as Boston's should be set up in most cities. But he emphasizes that his school doesn't actually secure jobs for veterans. That is the responsibility of a central placement agency.

"The school," he says, "is designed to show our classes how to hunt effectively. After that, the veteran must go out and get the job himself."

Where Credit Is Due

AT A FLOWER SHOW, a new variety of rose was awarded one of the coveted prizes. The modest rose culturist who had grown it stood on the platform to receive the award, while at his side the chairman extolled the loveliness of the blooms.

"See what exquisite beauty God has created!"

The little old man nudged him gently and whispered, "Remember, I helped!"

—FRANK L. NICKERSON

MIRACLE in the Park

by ALLEN RANKIN



In the love of the children who hear her marvelous fairy tales, a lady of courage has found her Wishing Clock

“ONCE UPON A TIME there was a little man named Mr. Woosoogle. And he accidentally found a wishing clock that would give him anything he wanted.

“He wished for a thousand ice cream cones and got them, and he wished for a soda fountain with spigots all running with chocolate and strawberry sodas, and all of a sudden there it was.”

As Miss Daisy Smith begins her story, the swings in the city park at Montgomery, Alabama, creak to a stop. The merry-go-rounds and seesaws halt too. The park is hushed. For the children all have come to sit quietly under the oaks and hear their daily fairy tale from the blind story-teller of Oak Park.

A woman of 66, with the wistful look of all the blind, she leans on her cane. Her face is lifted to the sunlight and to the memory of how children look as they listen with wide eyes. As she talks there is no other sound; but when the tale is ended, the children clap, partly to tell Miss Daisy where they are sitting and how much they liked the story. But they applaud for a larger reason. Perhaps they guess how hard wishing clocks are to find and how hard Miss Daisy Smith is looking for one.

It was in 1927 that she drove to the doctor's office. For years she had been looking at the world through her one good right eye. It was enough, but she wanted to take special care of it.

“Nothing serious,” she told the doctor, “but I got it irritated while

driving without goggles yesterday.”

The doctor squinted at her eye. An old man with failing eyesight himself, he reached with trembling hands for a small bottle on the shelf.

“You can’t be too careful,” he warned her.

Up to this moment Daisy Smith had led an ordinary life, except that as a child she had lost her left eye. Behind her were 17 years of teaching in public schools; and lately she had been appointed Superintendent of City Playgrounds.

The old doctor’s shaky fingers drew the eye-dropper from the bottle. He tilted Miss Smith’s head back. The drops fell. Daisy Smith gasped, blinked at a blaze of liquid fire. The last thing she saw clearly was the startled, hopeless look on his face. In his near blindness he had picked up the bottle marked *argentum* instead of the one marked *Argyrol*.

The *argentum*, or undiluted silver nitrate, burned. It burned for 10 years, until finally the fire and all light from it were out; there was peace from pain but total blackness. Daisy Smith was stone blind.

MISS DAISY was 59 when her small nephew came to the house to visit. The visit frightened her. For years she had been completely helpless, living with her sister. Now with a child in the house she began to remember how much she had missed children.

“I’d always had them around before my trouble,” she says. “But—suppose they didn’t want me any more? What did an old blind woman have to offer to children? They might even be afraid of me . . . I began to wonder if . . . if I could tell

them stories from some of the things I had read. . . .”

Daisy Smith’s heart was beating fast the first day she tried it. She sat on the front porch with her nephew and another boy from the neighborhood. In a meek voice she began the story of the Fish of the Sea who turned out to be a magic prince.

“Fish of the Sea, come listen to me!” she intoned. Always she had judged the effect of her stories by looking into children’s eyes. “Now,” she says, “I had to judge by what I remembered of that look.”

It was quiet when she finished that first story to her nephew and his friend. Too quiet. “Well,” she asked weakly, “how did you like it?” But she had already guessed the truth. There was no answer. The two boys were gone.

They had deserted her—but only to bring other friends. Two more came the first day, six the next. Within two weeks children packed the porch to hear her stories. The neighbors began to complain. They said the kids were causing too much commotion and the story-telling would have to stop.

Daisy Smith was frightened anew when she received a summons from Montgomery’s mayor, Cyrus B. Brown. Telling the stories had made her happier than in years. She didn’t want to stop. She couldn’t see the kids’ faces now, but she could know them with an inward feeling. It had been good, a kind of miracle, this story-telling. But now the miracle was ended.

“Are you Miss Daisy Smith?” the mayor greeted her.

“Yes.” Her reaching fingers told her she was before a big desk.

“I understand you have been

telling stories to children . . . that it has been causing some disturbance out on Highland Avenue. I hate to ask you to stop, but . . .”
“Yes?”

“But I think you’d better discontinue the story-telling—at least at that place. But how would you like to become official story-teller for the playgrounds at Oak Park? The salary would be small, of course, but . . .”

It was quiet in the office. “How,” said Daisy Smith at last, “do I know the children want me?”

“My dear Miss Smith, if 750 children in this town went around and signed a petition asking for someone, would you think they wanted her? I have the petition right here on this desk. They’ve been dogging the life out of me about it, and it says that 750 kids in this town are asking for you.”

“For me?” said Daisy Smith.

“For you. Will you take the job?”

Since that day seven years ago, Daisy Smith has been perpetuating an art, the old art of story-

telling in personalized form. Last summer she made a list of the stories she has told children in the park. It includes 1,500 different stories taken from the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, from *Mother Goose*, from Chinese and Indian fables. Though no audiences are ever directed to her, she is never without one as she tells her stories from 2 to 5 o’clock in the park.

“I suppose,” she admits with a blank smile, “that I’m more like a child myself than anything else. That’s one reason my Little Red Riding Hoods eat ice cream cones like Oak Park kids, and the cat’s pajamas are spotted with 1946 Mickey Mice.”

But that’s not the only reason she keeps abreast of the times. For when the children are interested they stay close to her and are so still she can feel the look she used to see in their eyes. And feeling that look, which tells her she is wanted, is the closest Miss Daisy Smith will ever come to finding a Wishing Clock.



Modern Version

THE POST-WAR WORLD has brought many problems besides that of housing to American campuses.

For instance a Columbia College student recently told an assistant in the Registrar’s Office of Columbia University, “You just can’t send my grades home for this semester!”

“I’m sorry, sir,” said the prim lady. “We never withhold grades from a student’s parents no matter how bad the record is.”

“Parents!” hooted the young man. “I got a D in English, an E in French, and a flunk in Contemporary Civilization—”

“So?”

“I flew a B-17 all over Europe,” continued the student. “Now how do you think I’m going to explain those marks to a five-year-old son?”

—FREDERICK MOERY WINSHIP

Private Life of a Snowflake

by EDWIN WAY TEALE



Nature displays her endless variety in the fragile beauty of a tiny snowflake

ALL OF US are familiar with the emotions that accompany a snowstorm. The still, lowering sky that precedes a storm may be depressing; but once the snow begins to swirl downward the depression is replaced by exhilaration. All about us the dormant has suddenly become the dynamic. In nerve and brain-cell and body, we respond to the sudden change.

Yet these sensations are difficult to recapture in memory. The changes are subtle, fleeting, beyond voluntary control. I remember floating in a canoe on a deep, still lake in the North Woods one sweltering August day and trying con-

Edwin Way Teale claims the unique distinction of being the only member of the Explorers' Club who has never been outside the United States. He is also a member of the New York Academy of Sciences and a fellow of the American Geographical Society. A prolific writer on natural history, Teale is the author of nine books and countless magazine articles. *Private Life of a Snowflake* is taken from his book *The Lost Woods*, published at \$4 by Dodd, Mead & Co.

sciously to recall all of the sensations and moods of a great snowstorm I had known as a boy. The leaden clouds pressing low, the stillness, the smell of the coming snow—these I could recapture. But the bodily sensations, the electric exhilaration that came with the first falling flakes—these were not to be counterfeited by imagination. It is as impossible to bring back the sensations of a blizzard on a day of heat as it is to resurrect the heavy-headed languor of a heat wave in the midst of the winter snowstorm.

Remembering the snowstorms of other years, the drifts and blizzards of our childhood days, is a classic method for revealing the failure of our memory. Passing time seems to have a way of magnifying things. In retrospect, the white blankets of long-past winters generally appear far thicker than those that spread over fields today.

To the Greeks, such blankets were composed of "woolly water" or "wet wool." They viewed snow in the mass. The individual flakes, with all their beauty of symmetry and pattern and endless variation, remained virtually unappreciated

until after the introduction of the microscope.

So infinitely varied are their patterns that no one has ever discovered two snowflakes exactly alike. In the course of a single snowstorm, one American scientist has calculated that 1,000,000,000,000,000 flakes may fall on an acre of ground. Each is a tiny crystalline flower. Some of them are so minute they are only one-one-hundredth of an inch across; the largest is less than a half inch in diameter.

Each of the countless flakes in a snowdrift reflects the unending originality of Nature. It is an individual. Yet each flake is shaped by its past experience. An expert, peering through a microscope, can discover clues to the snowflake's beginning and indications of its subsequent adventures. Although much is still a mystery about the private life of a snowflake, many things have been made clear since the time of "wool-y water."

Behind the leaden winter clouds—each a great storehouse of crystals—the work of creating snowflakes goes on. A snowflake usually is a tiny frozen fragment of a cloud. The raw material is invisible vapor, water-gas in the atmosphere. It is unseen, just as the steam nearest the teakettle's spout is invisible.

"God works in moments," Emerson wrote. In one of these moments, when conditions are just right, a snowflake comes into being. The temperature must be below freezing; there must be water-vapor in the air; there must be nuclei—such as particles of floating dust—around which the snow-crystals can form. The snowflake's shape depends upon its height above the

earth, the amount of moisture in the clouds and the temperature at the time of creation.

A basic rule of formation seems to be that, like the cell of the honeycomb, the snowflake shall have a hexagonal design. Early students believed this was a rule without exception. Now it is recognized that such variations as triangular flakes do sometimes occur. But of the 100,000 forms of snowflakes that have been recorded on film and in drawings, virtually all have been six-rayed stars in miniature. And the rays are almost invariably formed at 60-degree angles.

Paradoxically, snow—the synonym for whiteness—isn't really white. At least it isn't white when it crystallizes in the sky. It is, for the most part, transparent like glass. But when lying in drifts on the ground, the crystals reflect the light in all directions and create a pure whiteness.

SCHOLARS AND SCIENTISTS alike have devoted themselves to investigating the private life of the snowflake, but probably no one else in history has become so nearly a symbol of this world of perishable beauty as a New England farmer, Wilson A. Bentley. For four decades, on his hilltop farm near Jericho in Northern Vermont, Bentley photographed the infinite variety of snowflakes. He was an explorer as truly as Stanley or Stefansson. But he was also a poet with a camera who devoted his life to recording the elusive beauty of the snowflake.

The enthusiasm which was kindled when, at 14, he first looked at a snowflake through a cheap

microscope, endured until his death in 1931. By then, he was world famous as the "Snowflake Man," and his more than 5,000 photographs provided a file of widely recognized value to science.

Bentley was one of those rare men who stopped and turned aside for a closer look at something very familiar to those who hurried along the conventional path. It is thus that the great adventures of our lives most often come. Like the burning bush that attracted Moses from his course and led him to his life work, the small things we pause to observe closely may bring rewarding experiences. Look at them closely and individuals disengage themselves from the crowd; tiny flowers take on new beauties.

In recent years a friend of mine, Vincent J. Schaefer, research scientist at the General Electric Research Laboratory in Schenectady, N.Y., has been carrying on in Bentley's field. By surrounding fallen snowflakes with a transparent plastic fluid which hardens rapidly, he has developed a method of preserving their delicate patterns. These "fossilized snowflakes" can be filed away on glass slides to be observed under the microscope or photographed at leisure. Unchanged by

time or weather, they are permanently preserved.

In gathering snowflakes for his studies, Schaefer has gone to the top of Mount Washington in New Hampshire, and once gathered snow-crystals while in the nose of an Army bomber flying 200 miles an hour through a storm 10,000 feet above the earth.

The pattern of the snowflake

represents the most transitory and evanescent in art. It stands for the ultimate in the frailty of beauty. Of all the fields of snow that have fallen, of all the measureless host of poems in crystalline form which have descended from the winter sky, only a relatively few thousand patterns have been preserved by pen or camera. The others have disappeared forever, unknown even to the memory of man.

Yet in Nature the frailty of beauty is no cause for mourning. Nature raises no monuments. The grass that is eaten by the browsing deer has met a worthwhile end. And the snowflake that perishes after drifting downward through the sky neither asks nor deserves our pity. It has been exactly what it was supposed to be. That, and nothing more, was its place in Nature's plan.

KODACHROME BY V. J. SCHAEFER



This replica of a snowflake was molded from an impression in a quick-drying plastic solution.



Ideas die in some heads because they can't stand solitary confinement.

—BILL STERN

Grin and share it

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

MR. WILLIS was buying a fountain pen for his son's promotion present. "It's to be a surprise, I suppose," observed the clerk.

"I'll say it is," said the father. "He's expecting a convertible coupé."

—HOLDREGE (NEB.) *Citizen*

"GOOD HEAVENS, doctor! What a terrific bill for one week's treatment!" the patient protested.

"My dear fellow," the doctor replied, "if you knew what an interesting case yours was, and how strongly I was tempted to let it proceed to a postmortem, you wouldn't complain at a bill three times as big as this!"

—*Herald* (CAPE TOWN)

A YOUNG BRIDEGROOM walked briskly into the kitchen and planted a kiss on his beloved's neck, knocking the cook book off the table as he did so.

"Oh, darling," she wailed, "can't you stay out of the kitchen? Now you've lost my place—and I haven't the faintest idea what I was cooking!"

THE ATMOSPHERE around the breakfast table was tense, but after several false starts he half-belligerently declared, "Well, I suppose you're plenty angry

because I came home with this black eye last night."

"Why not at all, dear," she answered sweetly. "You may not remember it, but when you came home last night you did not have that black eye."

—*The Colonel Says*

A FUSSY WOMAN in a restaurant was ordering breakfast: "Bring me two slices of homemade bread toasted not too hard and buttered with fresh country butter not too salty; one strictly fresh egg poached medium soft; and orange juice, well strained, with only half a cube of ice in it."

"Yes, Madam," replied the waitress. "And would you prefer a plain gold band or a floral pattern on your dishes?"

—*Pathfinder*

"I WONDER IF YOU would be so kind as to weigh this package for me," said the customer in the meat market.

"Why certainly," the butcher agreed affably. "It weighs exactly three and a quarter pounds."

"Thank you," the customer replied. "It contains the bones you sent me in the four-pound roast yesterday."

—*Manchester Boddy*

AFTER THE EXPLOSION of one of the big guns on a battleship during the war, one of the sailors who was injured was asked by a reporter to give an account of his experience.

"Well sir," said the tar, "it was like this: I was standing with my back to the gun, facing the port side. All of a sudden I heard a noise. Then, the ship physician said: 'Here, sit up and take this'."

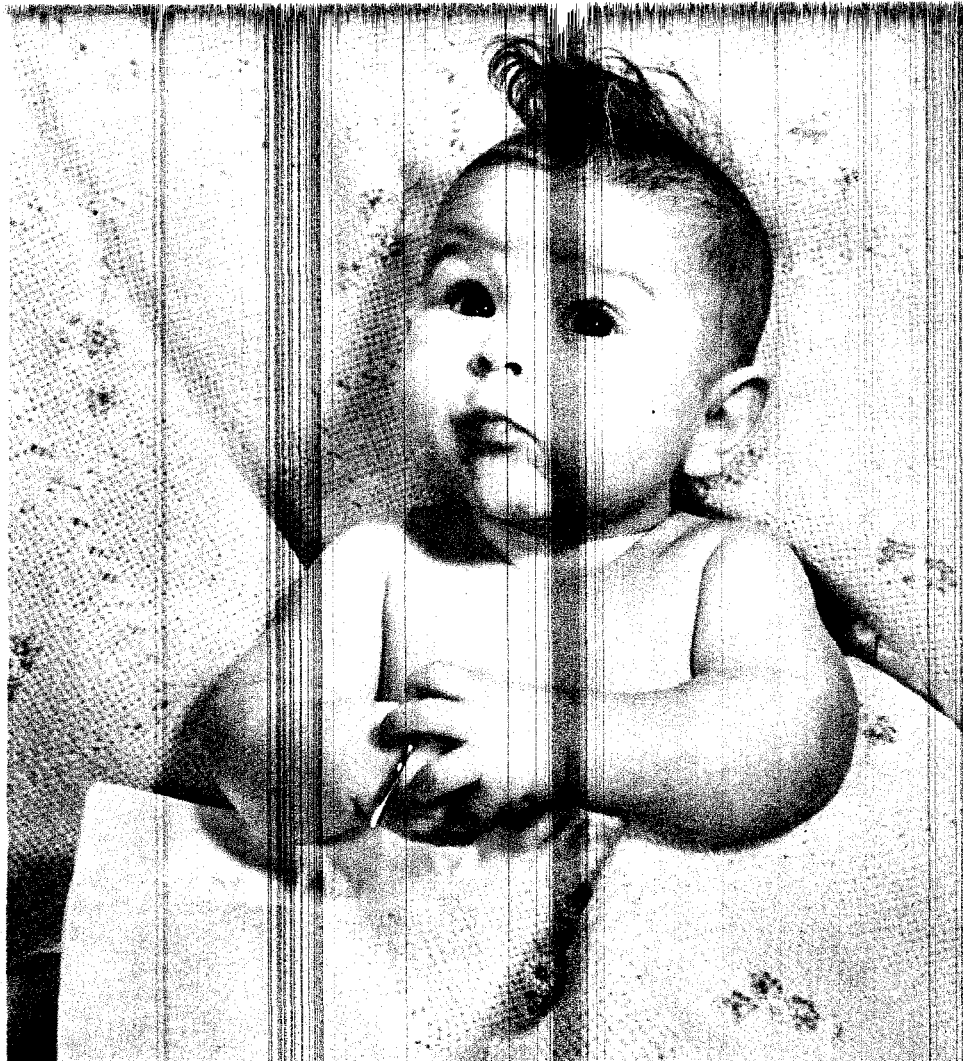
—*Arms and the Man*

Readers are invited to submit material for "Grin and Share It." Coronet will pay up to \$100 for suitable stories, upon publication. Address contributions to Filler Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



1947 Coronet Calendar

Continuing a beloved tradition, the editors of Coronet present a calendar for 1947. It is our fervent hope that the New Year will be an unclouded reflection of the innocent happiness which lights the faces of the children who appear on the following pages.



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The Stone-Age Men of 1947

by CAMERON SHIPP



The mysterious Seri Indians have hardly been touched by civilization; yet they're barely three hours from Los Angeles

IN THE SUMMER of 1921, a Mexican rancher named Roberto Thomson walked into the Stone Age head-on. Firing his rifle at shadowy shapes, he found himself threatened by savages who obviously should have vanished from the earth at least 10,000 years ago!

With no pause for anthropological research, he shot to kill at these brown-skinned, pelt-clad aborigines who were stealing his horses on the harsh mesquite plains of north-west Sonora. But what he did subsequently revealed a mysterious race of men who are still a riddle to science. They exist today, barely touched by civilization, barely three hours by plane from Los Angeles, and the more they are examined the more they seem to be among the last human links between the Atomic Age and the Paleolithic.

On that night in 1921, they had come, armed only with their hands,

to eat Senor Thomson's horses. They had no other use for horses save to throw them to the ground, break their necks, and devour the raw flesh on the spot. They were so fleet and powerful they could run 20 miles to the coast, outdistancing horsemen, and escape by canoe to their island, seven miles out in the shark-infested waters of the Gulf of California. They were so ferocious that for years they had defied bloody attempts by the Mexican Army to exterminate them.

Thomson saved most of his horses that night, but he knew he had solved nothing. The savages, always desperate for any kind of food on their arid island, would return. And next time they would probably succumb to cannibal instincts and strangle him and his family first.

The rancher did a remarkable and courageous thing. He loaded a small craft with cheap calico, crossed to Tiburon Island alone, and confronted the Seri Indians. Soon he returned unharmed, empty-handed and grinning. It had been

absurdly easy. He had been surrounded by jabbering Seri women who snatched at his calico and demanded more. In spite of language difficulties, a deal was struck, more calico promised and the rancher's horses were saved. The beginning of Seri enlightenment dates from that moment.

PRECISELY WHO THE Seri are, where they came from, and how long they have inhabited their dreadful island, no one knows. Spanish explorers saw them in 1540. Possibly, according to ethnologists, they were isolated for 1,000 years. It might have been 10,000. The few trained observers who have been sturdy enough to track down the Seri have written papers that range between fantasy, extreme caution and candid bewilderment.

The Seri are sea Indians, among the few salty Indians in America, but they never invented a fish hook. They are hunters, but the best weapon they could devise was a clumsy spear with a bone head. When they hunted, they ran down their prey on foot, killed it with their hands, tore it apart and ate it hot and raw, like wolves.

The temperature on Tiburon Island, which is nothing more than a 20-by-30-mile desert in the sea, with no edible vegetation, goes to 120 degrees by day and falls below 50 at night, but the Seri never devised either clothes, tents or houses. Their best dwelling was a hasty twig hut, about three feet high, which they threw up at nightfall, and even today they have not improved their architecture. As for clothes, they occasionally used the hide of an animal, and wore pelican

skins when they could get them.

They discovered fire but not cooking. They speared sea turtles from reed canoes, turned them upside down and ate them raw. They practiced no farming, for which they can't be blamed, since nothing except stunted mesquite and reeds will survive on Tiburon.

Their most desperate need was for water, but they did not store it or dig for it. This need fathered almost their only domestic skill: they made crude clay pots which could be carried on a boy's or a woman's head. When the tribe needed water, someone was sent running for it on round trips upwards of 20 miles.

And so—you get a picture of huge, hairy, ape-like men—heavily-muscled, Neanderthal men with low brow and fangs. The picture is about as far from the truth as possible. The paradox is part of the great mystery of the Seri.

I found them on the mainland last summer, after a difficult trek across the deserts of northwest Sonora, squatting in their twig huts on the shore. The village is a last frontier, the farthest that humans have ventured in area. They face the Gulf, whose gold-blue waters are slotted with the fins of man-eating sharks. Behind them is the almost impenetrable mesquite, scorched and arid, but alive with mountain lion, mule deer, jack-rabbits and snakes. Overhead, circling buzzards signal that death is constant. The stench of decay and filth rides the breezes for ten miles to announce the Seri.

They are lean, lightly-muscled people, hardly distinguishable from other American Indians except for

their rounder heads, their darker, almost black skins, and their surprising smallness. Beside a full-fledged Iroquois brave, a Seri would look like a child.

When I arrived, men and women were disemboweling sharks on the blazing hot beach of the mainland, tossing the carcasses on the sand to rot. Small Seri children played in the water, paying no attention to fins that cut the surface only a few feet away. Even the three- and four-year-old children wore some sort of garment; some kind of hat, with hair flowing over the shoulders, sometimes waist-long. The women, who have no false modesty about anything, are partial to Mother Hubbards and, like

the men, are happy with any head-gear they can get hold of.

They were friendly, and I was a sensation. They have seen white men before, but not often. They wanted my clothes. They offered me sea shell necklaces for my shoes. They coveted my hat. They pawed me, put their hands in my pockets, opened my kit. They offered me putrid pelican meat and filthy water. As a mark of distinction, they brought forth a can of coagulating fish blood and handfuls of colored clay and wanted to paint my face. They chattered in their incomprehensible sing-song tongue, and followed me like children.

Chico Romero, their chief, the healthiest, strongest-looking man of

How the Author Got His Story

THE AUTHOR adds these sidelights to his narrative:

"I think I am the only professional reporter who ever went among the Seri, with the exception of two newspapermen from San Francisco who visited the tribe in 1904 and were killed. A few anthropologists have been to Tiburon, but the only scientific report on these Indians was one made in 1892 by an ethnologist named McGee, of the U. S. Department of the Interior.

"There is no real road from Hermosillo to Kino Bay. I went by Ford with a Mexican who learned to speak English during a three-month stay in the U. S. We followed cattle trails across waste and desert land to Kino, which is not a town but a desolate

cluster of twig and adobe huts.

"From Kino I cut up the coast, still with no road to follow between the shark-infested gulf and the desert mainland of Sonora, which is jumping with deer and mountain lion. Some 60 miles of this brought me to Desemboque, a genuine frontier. There I found the Seri, living in squalor. When they work, which is not often, they earn about 40 cents a day.

"I returned to Hermosillo that night, broke down in the sand and slept in the desert. The car was pulled out next morning by three vaqueros and I got back to Hermosillo (where I was the only American) and from there to Los Angeles without ill effect, except for a thirst which for days was apparently unquenchable."

the lot, speaks a little Spanish and I got the story from him. He said the Seri had never been cannibals except in the old days, when they were hungry. The Mexicans, he said, always hated them and lied about them and plotted their extinction.

When a Seri boy wants to marry a girl, Chico told me, he courts her mother who is the boss of the family. He works for his in-laws, sometimes a year. If he is a rich Seri, he can provide half a cord of wood and win his girl at once. There is no marriage ceremony. He simply moves into the twig hut with his mother-in-law and works for the family.

SOME PRIESTS APPEARED years ago, Chico told me, and tried to convert his people, but it didn't work out except with cripples and children whom the missionaries captured. But his people are beginning to accept the notion, picked up from Mexicans, that there may be a *Tata Dios*, and they would like to know more about this phenomenon.

Chico asked me for iodine, which he called "the red medicine," for aspirin, and for alcohol. His people desperately needed medicine and a doctor, Chico said, and the young ones could learn Spanish if someone would teach them. But Chico is a realist. He seems to know there is little hope of getting these things for his people.

The village is temporary. The Seri will go back to Tiburon as soon as they complete a chore for modern science. Not even Chico Romero understood this chore, but his people were performing it. They

were ripping open the bellies of sharks and stuffing the livers into rusty tin cans.

They have a friend, their only friend since Roberto Thomson. This friend is a man names Jesus Soloranzo, a fat and enterprising Mexican who knows how to get a small truck across the desert from Hermosillo, capital of Sonora, and who has set the Seri up in business.

Señor Soloranzo appears every other week, collects the tins of shark liver and delivers them to an agent in Hermosillo who sends them to the United States. In the U. S., pharmaceutical houses process the shark livers into one of the most valuable recent contributions to medicine—a vitamin extract often prescribed for children.

The shark-slaughtering business, by which the Stone Age people provide a special ingredient for 20th-century science, is a cooperative venture which benefits the entire tribe. They own everything in common and profit in common. Chico explained that only very recently had the Seri grasped the idea of individual possession, and that applies chiefly to wearing apparel.

They get their meat now by shooting it. The tribe owns two .30-caliber rifles and uses them sparingly, on daily organized hunting parties. They kill and eat anything that moves, but they prefer pelicans, mule deer and sea turtle. Today they cook their meat, passing it hastily through the flame of an open fire.

Many Seri now have Spanish names, Chico explained. Seris always name themselves, choosing a friend as a kind of godfather. Any one who does a Seri a kindness or

gives one a present, is likely to find himself honored. It is disconcerting to report that two young Seri to whom I gave some buttons immediately started calling themselves Cameron Shipp.

Chico knew about movies and radios; he had seen them when the fish truck took him to Hermosillo several years ago, but he did not marvel at them. He knew there had been a great war, but he comprehended it as a kind of tribal struggle between white people. He knew there was such a country as the United States but he was not curious about it.

He was more interested in taking me shark hunting, which I hastily declined, and he wanted to impress on me that somebody should help his people. With Chico as sponsor, I talked to other Seri. They all complained of a common ailment, pain in the chest and headaches, one of the symptoms of tuberculosis. They showed me sores and asked me to treat them. They said too many babies died. They have no medicines, herbs or panaceas of their own, and would have swallowed any dose or taken any treatment I prescribed. All I could give them was aspirin and iodine.)

The filth in which the Seri live is too nauseous to describe. They have no conception of sanitation,

and no pride. I saw a Seri mother suckling an infant at one breast. Nuzzling the other was a puppy.

Twenty-five years ago there were between 2,000 and 3,000 Seri. Today, at a generous estimate, there are 170. Their birth rate is prodigious, but their death rate is higher. A reasonable guess is that they will disappear within 30 to 50 years, leaving scarcely a trace save a few pieces of awkward pottery, a few rough baskets, and an improbable legend to show for one of the most haunting human mysteries of all time.

The Seri have fallen prey to pneumonia, influenza, syphilis, diphtheria and other lethal ailments. Yet they can still run, can still kill shark. I saw a slight, amiable Seri youth who had wandered off to Hermosillo, murdered a Mexican, and been clapped in jail. He tore open the prison door with his bare hands, knocked down two guards and trotted back to his people, across the desert.

The Seri are not unwilling to learn. But they are still farther from civilization than Bikini. As an enigma, as a clue to how man's progress began in the darkest ages, the Seris would repay study, if not charity. But few white men in their right minds would look for business at Tiburon.



Wright--O!

ORVILLE WRIGHT was once urged to hire a press agent and discontinue his shy, retiring policy. "No," replied Wright, sagely, "the best talker among the birds is the parrot—and he's the worst flyer!"—PAUL BENSON

SAY IT WITH WIRE

by PATTY DE ROULF AND ROBERT E. FRAZIER



A remarkable new device will answer the phone, take down baby's first words, or preserve historic events for posterity

WHEN YOU PHONE the neighbors some day soon, you may be greeted with: "This is the sound recorder speaking. The Browns are out for the evening. You have thirty seconds in which to record your message." When the Browns return home they will play back your record and hear what you had to say to them.

After 50 years of experimentation the sturdy little sound-recording machine, which served so faithfully in the war, is now coming on the market at prices no higher than many radio sets. It is manufactured in two models: the portable, and the type attachable to your radio. Besides answering your phone it will take dictation, record radio programs or your baby's first words, and prove useful in court proceedings, newspaper interviews and many kinds of broadcasting.

The records will remain in perfect condition for a lifetime, no matter how frequently played, or they can be easily "erased" and used over and over again. Record-

ings are possible in almost any climate and under any conditions, whether in an office, a living room or the rear seat of a taxicab.

During the war, General Hap Arnold called on the major networks to produce a new type of radio program that would dramatically portray to the people at home the magnitude of the job being done by the Air Forces. On-the-spot broadcasts seemed to be the answer. But how? It was impossible to set up broadcasting equipment, and risky to rely on transcription machinery because the records break so easily.

General Electric came to the rescue by proffering their wire recorders, a gesture that resulted in many historic broadcasts. Sitting in a New York apartment or on a ranch in Oklahoma, the American public heard an actual raid on Saipan. They went on bombing missions over Tokyo, participated in rescues of airmen forced down at sea, traced the flow of blood plasma from the veins of a home-front donor to a wounded infantryman in combat, met Chennault's fliers in the skies over China. The portable recorder could go any

place, capture any sound; and once made, the records were flown to the nearest broadcasting station, edited and sent out over the air waves.

Today the recorders give a hand on many radio programs. Jinx Falkenburg uses one for her interviews on her *Hi Jinx* program, and Johnny Grant, on a small New York station, offered an exclusive interview with Joe Louis the day before the champ knocked out Billy Conn, just because Joe got a great kick out of hearing his own voice and that of his three-year-old daughter being played back immediately.

OF THE VARIOUS TYPES of new recording machines, all of which work on a magnetic principle, the wire recorder is perhaps the most popular. It was discovered in 1898 by a Danish physicist, Valdemar Poulsen, and used commercially in 1905 by the American Telegraphone Company as a business device. Yet the high cost of recording and lack of research in the field retarded progress for many years.

Not until shortly before World War II did a few commercially acceptable machines come on the market. But these, being still expensive, were used primarily by schools for language and speech study. Only when the war began were wire recorders able to move ahead and demonstrate their usefulness.

Veterans will remember how the machines were employed for entertainment in the front lines and on shipboard, for communicating and recording orders, for monitoring

purposes and relay instructions. Often, they functioned under combat conditions, as on D-Day when transcriptions were made in mid-Channel.

Today, as during the war, most of the machines are small, durable and compact—no larger than a table radio. On the instrument board are two spools, about the size of doughnuts. Between them run two miles of hair-thin, highly sensitized wire, enough for as much as 135 minutes of continuous recording. On this wire are recorded sounds just as on the conventional phonograph record.

As the wire passes the magnetic recording head, vibrations cause variations on the wire which vary in frequency and amount according to the pitch and volume of the sounds being recorded, much like the indentations in the grooves of a phonograph disk. However, the wire has no indentations, only magnetic impressions which cannot be seen because the wire undergoes no physical change.

After a recording is made, the wire is rewound on the first spool, since it must travel in the same direction for both recording and playing. The same amplifier is usually used for recording and playing. The recording head acts as a sound pickup, corresponding to the needle and arm on a phonograph. In the case of one new recorder, the principal feature is a simple loading cartridge or magazine refill, which can be easily inserted, threaded and removed.

If you have made a record and want to “erase” it in order to use the same wire again, you simply snap the cartridge into the machine

and record right over it, for as the wire travels toward the recording head, it must pass through a demagnetizing coil. If you merely want to render an old record blank, you run it through as though recording, first switching off the microphone. You can also wipe out or dub in parts of a record by the same procedures.

In some recorders, magnetic steel tape is used instead of thread-like wire. Steel tape is less likely to become snarled or to break, can be exposed to any kind of light and almost any temperature. However, tape recorders are designed to play back for only one minute, and therefore are used principally in language schools and rehabilitation centers where veterans exercise damaged vocal chords and listen for improvement.

Another new type of 30-minute recorder uses magnetized paper tape, a development which lowers cost and brings the machine within reach of more pocketbooks. Besides being cheaper, paper tape is easier to handle than wire, can be wound and rewound on regular 8 mm. film reels, and can be edited by simply tearing out portions and splicing the remaining section with mending tape. And you won't hear the break when the record is played back.

Fourth and last is the film recorder, a machine utilizing a plastic, cellulose tape which offers eight hours of continuous recording. But the record cannot be erased like the others. One advantage, however, is that you won't accidentally wipe out a good record. Sound on film will last as long as the film itself. Tests prove that the records can

be played thousands of times without losing fidelity.

Strikes and lack of materials held up production of recorders during 1946, but some 20 manufacturers are now beginning to supply department stores and music shops. The machines will range in price from \$150 to \$350, with \$1.50 buying enough wire or film for an hour's recording.

AS MOST RECORDERS can be started and stopped at will, you will be able to capture radio programs without commercials. Some machines have automatic timers that will pick up a show and stop promptly at the end of the program. This means that you won't have to miss Fred Allen if you should go out visiting that particular evening. When you get home you simply play back the automatic recording.

For telephone use, a solenoid lifts the cradle on which the hand set rests. A record you have previously made tells the caller you are not at home but will be back at such-and-such a time. Then a second recorder takes down the caller's message. In 30 seconds, a timer shuts off the record, the receiver drops back in the cradle and your phone is ready for the next call. When you return home, you can leisurely listen to the messages.

A long list of uses will probably make the sound recorder a household item in a very short time. Broadcasting stations were first to take advantage of the new device. Now many directors use them for immediate play-back of a rehearsal or a program. Announcers check

commercials with them. Artists study delivery and timing. Scouts make records of prospective talent.

In business, the machine has already been employed to record sales talks, conferences, personnel interviews and lectures. Executives unable to attend meetings or conventions record speeches for delivery in their absence. Several companies have recorded lectures for employee-training programs.

Schools and colleges were among the first to make widespread use of recorders because the machines may be moved easily from room to room. The handy little instruments are also helpful in police and fire department work, private investigations, legal proceedings, harbor operations, recording and play-back of ship-to-shore phone conversations, physician-patient consultations, social-welfare investigations and public stenography.

For several years, American Airlines has made film recordings of some transmissions of radio operators. Other airlines, as well as railroads and bus companies, are considering installations to keep customers amused and happy. The recorders are ideally suited to passenger entertainment as they can withstand tough treatment, take up little space, and require none of the crew's time.

The Fidelity and Casualty Com-

pany of New York took a recorder through two plants in Louisiana, asking for spontaneous suggestions from workers on how accident-prevention programs could be improved. The suggestions were played back to the executives, who declared "this was one of the most effective ways ever presented for obtaining the trend of thought of employees." Similarly, the officials of a transportation company heard the comments of a cross-section of bus riders in an on-the-scene recorded interview. The passengers suggested improvements in travel service which were invaluable to operating procedure.

On the purely personal side, the next time you go to a concert you can carry a portable battery machine, record the golden notes and later play back the selections. And if you happen to be an amateur movie-maker, you can produce sound films on a par with Hollywood's best. A simple attachment for the miniature movie outfit is moderately priced.

Historical events are also being transcribed for posterity. Wire recorders have been on the job at United Nations conferences, while ironically enough, the Germans, who pioneered in sound recording before 1939, found little spools of wire faithfully spinning during the long-drawn-out Nuremburg trials.



Only Natural

NEW YORK's MUSEUM of Natural History has boasted of the countless visitors who come to see its wonders. But when a comfort station was erected on a near-by corner, the museum attendance fell off 100,000.

—LEONARD LYONS

At Skokie Junior High, a remarkable new educational program is preparing youngsters for their adult responsibilities

Where the Kids LIVE and LEARN

IN A BIG-LITTLE red schoolhouse at Winnetka, Illinois, 400 youngsters from nine to twelve years old are getting a running start on adult life with a self-developed curriculum that has educators all over the United States taking notice.

Skokie Junior High is more than a school—it's a cross section of our world, complete with its own bank, livestock corporation, dishwashers' union, cooperative store, research and production company, credit union, and a council which levies, and collects, taxes. And all this has developed as a grass-roots movement, conceived and built up by the kids themselves.

It started several years ago at an otherwise routine meeting of the school council. The chairman of the lunchroom committee, a lad of 10, reported the not-uncommon incident of two little girls dropping dishes. The victims of the mishap had to make good the breakage, but their inability to do this conveniently had brought on tears



by SUSANNE
MCCONNAUGHEY

and aroused sympathy.

After listening to the report, one boy at the meeting suggested impulsively, "What

we need is insurance!"

Promptly a committee was appointed. After months of studying the principles of insurance, gathering data on the average per capita breakage in the lunchroom and consulting with a parent who was an insurance broker, the committee received a charter. Policies covering 75 per cent of losses were issued.

But policyholders, when they had learned the ins and outs of corporate finance, became interested in reducing breakage so as to recover dividends on their policies. As a result, breakage soon dropped to such a point that policies could be sold for only one-third the original cost, and coverage was increased to 100 per cent.

This was the youngsters' first

great experiment in dealing with adult problems in an adult manner, and it had wide repercussions. Having set up an insurance company, they saw no reason why they shouldn't set up other corporations to take care of their needs. But they didn't act on impulse.

The idea of expanding a small, council-owned apiary from a pure nature-study project into a honey-selling business was a natural. Nevertheless, there was much discussion before the corporation (after it was formed) approved a capital investment of \$25 for a honey extractor. After convincing themselves that the investment was sound, the children found a good moral reason for the expenditure: "After all, the purpose of this committee isn't just to make money, it's also to teach bee keeping. We'll get a lot of valuable experience out of extracting our own honey."

The school, a one-story colonial structure built in the form of a hollow square, was ideally suited to bee culture. The courtyard was also made to order for a livestock "corporation." A fence was erected, a shed built, incubator, scales, feed cans and an electric feeder were bought, and the corporation went into the business of selling guinea pigs, rats, rabbits, white mice, chickens and ducks. And incidentally, learning a lot about natural history at the same time.

The Research and Production Company sprang up to supply the simpler school needs—ink, ink eradicator, paste, cold cream, fly poison and the like. That the company has expanded to include such diverse activities as raising tropical fish for sale and making vases is

merely an indication of a healthy business policy.

A store to sell the company's products, along with tablets, pencils and the like, was inevitable. So was a bank to handle funds of corporations and individuals. And a credit union, to supply those temporarily short on pocket money.

Another kind of union—for dishwashers—arose from the usual cause: management and labor trouble. For years a number of children had washed dishes in the cafeteria in exchange for lunches. The manager, a woman of temperament, fired dishwashers at the drop of a plate. The pupils' response was to strike, leaving the manager presiding in angry impotence over a pile of unwashed dishes.

The superintendent of Winnetka's schools, S. Rae Logan, disapproved these tactics. The strikers insisted they needed a union. That was all right with Logan, so long as they included in their constitution that their purpose was service—the keynote at Skokie. The group went to work. At last they brought the voluminous document to the Council, where it was turned down.

They shortened it, and again it was turned down. The third effort, after much discussion, including the argument that it might help to improve labor conditions in the country if students studied such problems at school, was finally accepted. Labor relations in the lunchroom, and the breakage record, have improved tremendously since the union was chartered.

The taxation system arose, as it has since time immemorial, out of the need for protection. Several years ago a ring of bicycle thieves

made off with bikes the children rode to school. A bicycle committee guarded the bicycles until 3:30, but most of the thieving took place between that time and 5 o'clock, when the owners were engaged in sports. Obviously, guards were needed, but where was the money to pay them?

The council's sponsor suggested a tax, but this was howled down. Most students had heard of the "abomination" of taxes from their parents. They were not averse, however, to charging students for using the bicycle rack and shed, nor to fining those who left their bicycles overnight. They even agreed, after discussion, to label the charges frankly as a "license tax" and a "punitive tax." The license levy was set at eight cents.

From this beginning there developed the general school tax of four cents per capita. Corporations are also taxed (on the basis of ability to pay). From these and other sources of income, the council pays the bicycle guards, prints committee books, admission slips and passes and sets aside a generous sum for school parties. All these expenditures are first submitted in budget form, showing estimated income and outgo for the year. The budget is discussed thoroughly before it is accepted by vote.

WITH 100 PER CENT of the student body participating as shareholders or working members of committees, corporations, unions and councils, there came a noticeable change in classroom atmosphere. With the budget as a laboratory example, arithmetic classes found fractions and percentages more exciting. Efforts to extend

compulsory social insurance, and the controversy over this issue, were no longer boring problems to social-study classes. Differences between labor and management in the outside world were more easily understood against the background of cafeteria supervisor and dishwashers' union.

Private enterprise, consumer cooperation, and State socialism were no longer abstract political philosophies. There were corporations representing all three at Skokie. The Bee Bureau, the Research and Production Company and the Livestock Corporation are profit-making concerns; the store is a cooperative venture, and the bank is a non-profit organization, theoretically "owned by the State."

The sense of participation in affairs of the world was not confined to school and home. One day the bicycle committee, aroused by a lack of safety equipment on most bicycles, discovered that most offenders were ignorant of both common sense and village laws governing the operation of bicycles. It was hardly the children's fault, the committee decided, for the town ordinances were confusingly written and out of date. Even the police seemed unfamiliar with them.

For a year the bicycle committee studied ordinances of other committees, visited neighboring towns, enlisted cooperation of public and private schools, the PTA, the Chamber of Commerce, the village government. After hearings during which everybody had a chance to voice his views, an ordinance was drawn up. On the night of the final hearing by the village council, 100 children and a few parents and

teachers packed the small chamber.

The president of the council called up the bicycle ordinance, and it was read. Discussion was opened by a councilman who wanted to know the reason for a certain provision. The children's chairman arose and explained with poise and confidence. Parents, children, teachers and councilmen exchanged views. Then a vote was taken. The children's ideas became law by unanimous vote.

SINCE THE SKOKIE plan simply grew, nobody takes credit for fathering it. Logan, a man of 60 with white hair and youthful blue eyes, was in on the ground floor and encouraged development. So did Donald Cawalti, principal of the school. Enthusiasm, coursing upward from the students and down from the superintendent and principal, infected the teachers, who became sponsors, advisers and counselors.

"Everybody gains from experience," Logan says. "Always the maturing of a child is the result of participation. In this particular plan, the teacher grows also. When they come to school, most teachers are not too well qualified in technical and economic knowledge. When the student and teacher learn together, you have the healthiest possible situation."

The students devote less than five per cent of their time to the corporations; enough, Logan points out, to provide vitamins in their scholastic diet. The faculty wisely stays in the background. It is the youngsters' show, and when they get into trouble it's up to them to find the solution. Naturally, there is plenty

of trouble, as in most businesses.

The bees went through a long cold winter without difficulty. But in the spring, more than 50 per cent of the colonies dined disastrously on the blossoms of fruit trees which had been sprayed. Package bees had to be bought to reinforce the weakened colonies, and the year's yield of honey dropped to a disappointing 150 pounds.

The livestock corporation has also had rough moments. Once a dog broke into the pens and killed the rabbits. The corporation was faced with finding more livestock or going out of business. Day-old chicks bailed them out.

Another time, when the rats killed all the rabbits, they couldn't find a way out and went into bankruptcy. The corporation conscientiously liquidated its assets. The glum shareholders' meeting broke into a lively argument at one point. The treasurer had listed among the liabilities "nine dead rabbits."

"Why are they liabilities?" one little girl asked.

"Well," the treasurer answered, his brow furrowing, "they aren't assets, so I figured they must be liabilities."

The per capita loss was not too great, because the corporation limits the individual's holdings to five shares, valued at 25 cents each. This limitation was written into the constitution several years ago as the result of a bitter lesson. One budding tycoon had quietly bought up 50 per cent of the corporation's shares, and at the end of the year he walked off with the 50 per cent of the profits.

In spite of the Credit Union's thriving business, not one cent has

been lost on loans. Several pennies have been swallowed by a crack in the floor, but these losses were met by the board of directors out of their own pockets. Shares are 15 cents apiece. Members may borrow up to 50 cents on their own signature, and 75 cents with a co-signer. Recently when the principal had to borrow 75 cents (an unexpected luncheon guest), the lending clerk displayed the tact of a born banker by acting as co-signer and handing over the money without delay.

Larger loans must be approved by the board of directors, and really big money requests—above \$3—must be approved at a membership meeting. There is a service charge of one cent on each loan, and the interest is one cent a week after the first week. Loans become due after four weeks, and then the interest jumps to one cent a day.

WHAT HAPPENS TO Skokie pupils after they go on to high school? Gene Kemper, president of the Skokie Council in 1944, says that more alumni from Skokie have a hand in running things at New Trier High than from any other school.

The report on how Skokie pupils will turn out as full-fledged citizens

must, of course, be delayed a few years. But the parents have no doubt. Mrs. Kingsley L. Rice, mother of a boy now at New Trier and a girl at Skokie, points out that since the school is a "trial community, it trains them for citizenship. It all results in tolerant children who, besides having fun, will be better citizens than we are."

Could the Skokie plan be superimposed full-blown on other schools? Logan thinks not, although a former Skokie teacher instituted the system successfully in a school in her native Belgium. "It grew up here slowly, and I believe it ordinarily must grow that way or it won't be sound," says Logan.

He believes the next 25 years should see considerable development in the system. "And I hope the emphasis is on cooperation rather than competition. Our motto is 'Skokie Serves' and the idea of mutual service runs through every project. We let the student discover for himself that welfare for all means welfare for the individual."

In this atomic age, the early discovery of that truth by the entire younger generation would seem to be one of the most vital hopes for mankind.



Perfect Cooperation

A YOUNG MATRON stalled her car at a traffic light one day. She stamped on the starter, tried again and choked her engine. Behind her an impatient motorist honked his horn steadily. Finally she got out and walked back to his car.

"I'm awfully sorry, but I don't seem to be able to start my car," she told the driver pleasantly. "If you'll go up there and start it for me, I'll stay here and lean on the horn."

—MITCHEL BEACON

How Mr. Noah Came to Washington

by SCOTT HART



Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoo, is a widely-traveled man of many interests—many of them animals

ON NIGHTS WHEN the moon rides high, the roar of a lion rumbles from a wooded hillside in Washington, D.C., and is joined stridently by the tumbling voices of lesser animals, like a bass drum calling a thousand small instruments to life. To all within hearing it is the familiar chorus of a great American institution—the National Zoological Park.

This teeming wildlife refuge within our cosmopolitan Capital grew from a pile of cages on the grounds of the Smithsonian

Institution some 50 years ago. Today, visitors by the thousands hail from every State in the Union. To these men, women and children, the National Zoo is unlike dozens of others scattered throughout the country. Perhaps they sense the difference in the illusory traces that only a presiding personality leaves on a public institution.

This presiding personality—Dr. William M. Mann, known variously as the Director of the National Zoological Park, “Mr. Noah” and “The Doctor”—is of medium height and stands with an intense stoop as from long peering into cage or bush. He smokes incessantly; he wears easy-fitting clothes; his face

combines tense interest and quiz-zical kindness; his words come fast, like pebbles on a windowpane. Yet he is so sympathetic in one voice, so firm in another, that he becomes the ideal of a kindly, relied-upon uncle.

He knows nearly everybody in the circus business, from roustabout to clown to aerial performer to owner. Also he knows the whereabouts of every rare bird or animal, what all the zoos have or lack, the physical condition of his own menagerie and where a couple of good trades can be pounced upon among the animal dealers.

Typical of his varied interests are the notes in Mrs. Mann's diary: "Unpacked giraffe . . . Freddie arrived with monkeys . . . Mr. Buck arrived with gorilla . . . Bill (Dr. Mann) brought my galago home . . . Collected ants . . . B. bitten by viper . . . Picnic for twelve in park . . . Clowns from Ringling's here in evening for Welsh rarebit . . . Caught two species of *Cychrus* . . . Appropriation for Reptile House signed by President . . ."

Appropriations are very important to the Doctor, for his annual appeal to Congress is made on behalf of his 2,622 inarticulate subjects. Of all the Government's agents he receives the kindest treatment from Congressional committees. Nobody glares at him, nobody accuses him of trying to introduce anything but an appeal. In fact the Congressmen, many of whom are zoo fans, often bedevil him with questions.

Representative Bell of Missouri wanted to know if the animals enjoy seeing the people as much as the people enjoy seeing the animals.

"Some of them are quite curious about people," Dr. Mann opined. "But try to catch a tiger's eye and see the snooty treatment you get."

THE DOCTOR's brimful life began in 1886 in Helena, Montana, where, like other boys, he had such pets as cats and dogs. But his first impulse to become a professional zoologist undoubtedly flared with a fire at Staunton Military Academy in Virginia, while he was a student there. Compelled with the rest of the students to vacation while the damage was repaired, Mann got a job as a menial worker in the National Zoo.

Returning to Staunton to graduate, he next went to the State College of Washington, to Stanford, to Harvard, then joined expeditions to far-off tropic places. Finally he joined the U. S. Bureau of Entomology, where he could indulge his love for insect study.

Dr. Mann's practical preparation, his academic training and his reputation as an entomologist made him director of the Zoo in 1925. Now a different atmosphere was to set in. For a year he took stock of hoof and feather, then went to Walter P. Chrysler to finance an expedition to Tanganyika. He wanted more giraffes, white-bearded gnus, impala, reed buck, a long-eared fox, a male kuda, wart hogs, hyenas and other specimens.

The Chrysler Expedition plodded through the bush for four months; and when the *City of Calcutta* landed in America, Dr. Mann was hailed for the first time as "Mr. Noah." Photographers' flash-bulbs lighted for the staring eyes of an extraordinary assemblage of jungle beasts

and birds. There was enthusiasm on the zoo grounds. The visitors increased. Dr. Mann, amid fanfare, married a former staff member of a women's magazine and settled down as best a zoologist can.

To the Manns' apartment the Doctor brought (for intermediate stops) monkeys, snakes, lizards, a baby lion, a baby wart hog, two Abyssinian wildcats which an African fur-trader had given Franklin Roosevelt, and a Sumatra tigress. These were house-handled for various reasons, generally because the animal mothers had refused them care. Yet through the young lion, the Doctor relearned an old and important jungle fact.

Lucy Mann received the cub, named Susan, in a candy box from the Doctor. Scarcely more than a soft ball of fur, the cub was puppy-like, drank milk every three hours. Soon it cavorted about, pulling bedspreads; next it tore playfully at Mrs. Mann's stockings. It became the only housebroken lion in history—but it was not to progress much farther.

At age seven weeks, the cub began stalking people, its belly low to the floor. Given her first bone she hurled herself upon it, snarling, and dragged it to a corner. Regretfully, the Doctor realized that uncontrollable instincts were rising. Susan was a savage. So off she went to a cage.

Other strange things were acquired by the Manns in strange ways. Once, in Liberia, they were initiated into a native snake society. The staid Smithsonian said of the event: "The ceremony took place in the dense forest during the blackness of a jungle night." The tribe

at first shunned the visitors; but when the Doctor unfurled the brilliant flags of the Explorers' Club and the Society of Women Geographers, the fascinated natives gave the full initiation. The Doctor acquired the ceremonial snake and brought it back to Washington, but he never spoke of the secret rites.

THE NATIONAL ZOO, standing on 175 acres, topped with oak and pine and slashed by a charging creek, became famous under Mann's stewardship. In the spring, bus loads of schoolchildren came from all across America to fill the groves with yelps of excitement. Scientists stared quietly at the animals, then went to a room set aside for them to form conclusions.

More and more the press sought out feature stories. Over and over the Doctor walked the acres with reporters. Some of them started off by saying: "I want to write an absolutely authoritative zoo story on a scientific level." Then a moment later would ask: "How do you spell gibbon, Doctor?"

Sometimes his words, always fast, come faster, but he seldom loses patience. In his loose clothes he shuffles from cage to cage, smoking incessantly, answering questions on both the learned and low levels. Hundreds of people annually ask him to conduct them personally around the zoo. He turns none down and buys them all lunch in the restaurant to boot.

Demands upon him are terrific. Once home, his phone rings. Somebody wants to know how to care for a pet, somebody wants him to settle a question about animals. Otherwise he works in an ivy-covered

mansion house dating back to 1804. In this office, overlooking the zoo, he files endless reports with the Government. He dickers with dealers for new animals. From wholesalers he begs leftover food for his menagerie. At any hour the Doctor may be called to the cage of an ailing animal. Perhaps it is an alligator, which lives normally some 800 years, or perhaps a tiger with a case of acute indigestion. Once, such a tiger was frantic with pain. It lashed its great body about, snarled, leaped, bit angrily. Needed was a vast dose of castor oil. But who would administer it?

Keeper William Blackburne, a mainstay of the zoo in those days, found the answer. Climbing to the top of the cage he opened the vent. With one hand he prodded the enraged tiger with a thong, in the other hand he held a large bottle of castor oil. The beast leaped, teeth flashing, toward the vent where Blackburne crouched. Each time the tiger flashed its teeth the keeper poured a slug of medicine in its mouth. Over and over the dosage was repeated. The tiger got well.

WHEN WORD OF ONE of Dr. Mann's jungle expeditions gets out, would-be animal hunters have to be fought off. They beg, connive and pull all possible strings to go along. Meanwhile the Mann home takes on its before-an-expedition appearance. The Doctor brings out his oldest shoes, some 2,000 vials for insects, a portable typewriter, a half-dozen bug nets, coffee, cameras, two trunks, bottles of cod-liver oil for the animals and dozens of packs of cigarettes.

In 1937, the expedition started

out for Asia. Dr. Mann knew that American animals would be strange to the peoples he planned to visit, so he carried along two mountain lions, ten alligators, three opossums, two raccoons, two black bears, two jaguars from South America and five large salamanders from Ohio. The Orientals looked wide-eyed at the strange sights, then brought their own beasts to the Doctor in a gesture of good will.

From this incident, it can be seen that Dr. Mann's expeditions are not the dramatic affairs so beloved of fiction writers. There is but one aim to a Mann expedition: to bring back desired animals in good condition. Participants get the beasts or birds however they can. If they must catch them, they do so. Otherwise they enter a village and spread the word that they will pay for animals. Then the natives arrive, bringing every manner of thing.

Said one scientist who was on an expedition with the Manns: "Bill always brings that quizzical look and childlike manner to bear on anybody—on customs people, zoo officials or primitive natives. And he always makes a generous trade, going to immense lengths to give the other fellow something as well."

His way with people broke out in Sumatra, where crated pigs were waiting to be loaded aboard ship. No one was ready for work except some Moslems, who wanted no traffic with swine. What happened then was related by one of Mann's companions: "Now some people might have said, 'Here, you so and so's, get these pigs aboard!' But not Bill. He just walked about saying, 'Oh, these poor pigs, these poor pigs! We'll have to leave them behind if

somebody doesn't help.' The Moslems picked up the crates and put them aboard."

The voyage home with a shipload of animals was a nightmare. The first dread was of death among the menagerie—and Dr. Mann is extremely sensitive to animal fatalities. The precautions were overwhelming. Stored aboard were a ton of bananas, crates of evaporated milk and strained honey, 600 pounds of frozen beef, 100 pounds of frozen fish, 90 pounds of papaya, 900 pounds of fresh grass, 100 dozen eggs, 75 pounds of peanuts, 250 pounds of string beans and 1,250 pounds of sweet potatoes. The whole staff, leader and all, slaved over the food, peeling bananas endlessly, coaxing reticent animals to eat, nursing sick ones, quelling obstreperous ones.

Crowds jammed the National Zoo to see the animals arrive in trucks. The Doctor, fidgeting, nervous, smoking, saw every beast moved to its place. Then other trucks, moving more slowly, came up with 11-foot crates containing the giraffes. Dr. Mann left. Later someone saw him standing tense behind the house. He had been unable to watch the giraffes unloaded for fear that one might break a fragile leg.

When World War II came and shipping routes were blocked, Dr. Mann used all his talent as an animal trader to replenish his menagerie in the American market.

When bananas disappeared, he mixed honey and sweet potatoes as a substitute. Long a user of horse meat, his animals felt no pinch when beef grew scarce. When potatoes were hard to get, he raised them on the Zoo grounds. From Mexico he imported dried flies for the insect-eating animals.

While millions of Americans bemoaned shortages of help or equipment, Dr. Mann said in one quiet report to the Government: "The most immediate need of the Zoo is an increase of personnel. During the war more than 20 per cent of all positions have been vacant. The actual care of the animals has not been neglected, but very little work has been possible on care and maintenance of buildings and grounds."

Dr. Mann's apartment, reminiscent of his life, is a museum of sorts, chocked with mementoes from his travels. He takes an evening cup of coffee from a low mahogany table with a finely carved elephant for its base. An African devil-mask stands on a shelf in the dining room. There are books, of which he gives away many each year but never lends one. All about are souvenirs, the memorabilia of far places, of strange peoples and the pale atmosphere of old nostalgias.

Of nights, the Doctor sits here among his relics with a clown or maybe a Senator who happened to call, and talks or just listens to the zoo voices drifting across the trees.



Franklin D. Roosevelt once gave this advice to his son James on speech-making: "Be sincere; be brief; be seated."

During fat years and lean, Harry Kempis has remained in business by hitching his wagon to the stars—of the movie colony

Hollywood Tours— \$5 and up

THERE IS A SECTION of Hollywood known as “The Strip”—a small segment of that enormous stretch of wide thoroughfare and narrow street called Sunset Boulevard. The part known as The Strip is populated by restaurants, billboards, mortuaries, the offices of Hollywood agents, drive-in restaurants, antique shops, dress shops, vocal studios, ice-cream parlors, apartment houses, private homes, night clubs, real-estate offices and traffic accidents.

The Strip is not a unique stretch of highway; there are thousands of similar thoroughfares in cities of similar size in the United States. But The Strip happens to be in Hollywood—and that makes it famous. Here and there, tucked away in odd corners, it does possess features that could exist only in Hollywood. Here and there you find something like Harry Kempis.

Harry has an office on The Strip. At least, Harry calls it an office. It consists of an umbrella to shield



by
SIDNEY CARROLL

him from the Hollywood sun, a canvas-back chair and four signs. One sign is large and hangs on a post over Harry's umbrella. The other three are small and are propped on the ground at Harry's feet. The big sign says “Movie Guide—Conducted Tours of the Homes of the Stars.” The small signs read, from left to right: “Movie Guide,” “Guide on Duty,” “Tours in Your Own Car.”

The Movie Guide is one of the native practitioners of Hollywood. There are about half a dozen others like Harry Kempis on Sunset Boulevard, and they all function in the same way. They either sit out on the street in their canvas-back chairs, or they stake their claim on an empty lot, in full view of passing traffic. They all sit under umbrellas and they all advertise themselves with red and white signs; all of

the signs say substantially the same thing.

Harry Kempis is 72 years old. He has been in the business for 10 years. Came from Arkansas before the war, couldn't get a job in the factories because he was blind in one eye, couldn't get any other kind of job because he was too old. It is a familiar story of pre-war days. But it assumed the complexion of the unfamiliar on the night of January 12, 1936.

That night, Harry Kempis met a Samaritan in a bowling alley. He was also an elderly fellow who happened to be from Arkansas, and Harry and he took a shine to each other. The fellow showed Harry how he could set himself up in a good paying business for a total cash outlay of \$12.50.

The fellow had been running a little movie-guide business on The Strip and he was planning to give it up and become an actors' agent. He had a large umbrella which had originally cost him \$10 wholesale, a camp stool at \$3.50, four signs at \$15, and he paid an annual rental of \$10 a year for the tiny corner of the vacant lot on which he plied his trade.

The umbrella and chair and signs were in good shape—maybe the signs needed a little touching up—but the man in the bowling alley liked Harry, and he'd hand the whole thing over to him for \$12.50. Come to think about it, the obliging fellow said, he liked Harry's looks so much he'd knock off the 50 cents.

Harry went to The Strip with him the next day, looked the place over, learned a few details of the business, and wound up buying it

with the money he'd collected that week from Unemployment Insurance. "I'd always wanted to be my own boss," Harry explains. Now he's been at it, man and boy, for 10 years.

Harry gets to work at 10 in the morning—the hour when traffic is beginning to get heavy on Sunset Boulevard. He keeps the umbrella, chair and signs in the back of a real-estate office down the block. ("Fella who runs the rillyastate office likes me—lets me keep m'stuff on his back porch.") At 10 A.M., he pokes the umbrella handle into a well-worn hole in the ground, sets his signs up, unfolds his chair and sits down. Harry Kempis is open for business.

ONE OF THE THINGS every tourist must see while he is in Hollywood is the homes of the stars. Harry knows where every star in Hollywood lives, and he will be only too glad to point out same to you—for a fee. Harry simply sits around under the umbrella, watching the traffic, until a car drives up and somebody shouts "How much?" That is always the first question. Harry is always geared to meet it with tact and diplomacy.

Languidly he rises from his seat. Harry is lean and tall and weather-beaten, a veteran of 50 summers on an Arkansas farm, and he still chews cut plug. His store teeth don't fit too well, and his cheeks work in and out while he chews. He gives the car a good once-over, chats a while with the occupants, then names his price. In Harry's business there's no standard fee.

"I give 'em what the traffic'll bear. I c'n tell by the kinda car they

drivin', 'n by the look o' the folks inside. Price also depends on jes' how much they wanna see. A four-teen-mile tour—that includes the homes o' one hundred movie stars—stands 'em average about four dollars. A twenty-mile tour—includes an additional fifty homes of famous stars—all the fixin's thrown in—I get five dollars a carload. I drive the car or you drive it, either way you like. No extr'y charge for my drivin'."

Harry guides the car full of tourists out through the hillside streets of Beverly Hills, the secluded tracts in Bel Air and Brentwood where many movie stars live, and he shows where the most unprivate ladies and gentlemen in the world live their private lives.

There is one hazard Harry faces every time he guides a car. When you approach the citadel of a movie star, Harry points a bony finger and says, "Now, that's where Greer Garson lives. Been livin' there since 1940. Fine example of Colonial architecture."

If Harry feels talkative that day he may even throw in a few extra fascinating facts and statistics. But some tourists feel that this is not enough. They feel that for the money they pay, they rate an invitation right into Miss Garson's home, and they feel that the mistress herself should regale them with the story of her life, punctuated by sprightly anecdotes. Harry sometimes has a hard time convincing such zealots that Hollywood does not go in for *that* much Southern hospitality.

Once there was a customer, a man from Alabama who had his wife and three daughters with him

—ardent moviegoers all—who threatened to punch Harry in the nose when he discovered that the price of the tour did not include a cozy session at home with Ginger Rogers. Harry had to placate him by giving him half his money back. "Most customers are all right, though," Harry says. "They're perfectly satisfied t' look gaga at the house where some big shot lives and then go home happy."

HARRY HAS A CALM and restful occupation. He gets lots of sunshine and fresh air, and feels that, generally, Hollywood compares favorably with Arkansas. But there was a time when things were far too calm and restful. That was during the war. Harry was one of the few Hollywood tradesmen whose business went to seed during the war years. He couldn't get a job in a defense plant because of his age and his bad eye. Besides, the sciatica gets him bad every once in a while.

"I wouldn't a minded makin' airplanes durin' the war, but they always made 'em in damp places," he says. At the same time, his own business was a war casualty. What with tire and gas rationing and the restrictions on travel, tourists gave up coming to Hollywood. "Why," says Harry, "there was times when I wouldn't see a car on the old boulevard for five minutes at a time, and then one would come along and it would be a jeep. I can't make a livin' outa jeeps."

Harry makes a living out of the carloads of eager beavers who blow into town intent on doing all the wonderful things that the people do in the fan magazines—see the movie

studios, eat at the Brown Derby and visit the homes of America's most beautiful people.

During the war years such tourists simply faded from the Hollywood scene. Things became very tough indeed, just sitting around waiting for the war to end, and Harry was tempted several times to give the whole thing up and hitchhike back to Arkansas.

But one night Harry heard a speech on the radio. The President of the United States was urging the small businessman to hang on—to hold the fort, to stick to his guns. The President was deeply perturbed by the fact that so many small businesses were going to pot, and he appealed directly to the shopkeepers of the nation to try and stick it out.

"I heard him," says Harry. "I listened good to what he had to say, and I figured it was the patriotic thing to do. I'm a small businessman but I'm a good Democrat and if that's what the President wanted me to do, that's what I was going to do."

So Harry did it. For four long years Harry Kempis fought the Axis by arriving at his vacant lot at 10 o'clock every morning, by sticking his umbrella in the well-worn hole in the ground, by sitting down in the frayed canvas-back chair—and waiting.

Fortunately, Harry has the divine gift of being able to sit around and wait. He is not a reading man. If he were, he could have learned a few new languages in the four years during which he sat on his little corner of The Strip waiting for the war to end. He could have worked his way through a good part of the

Encyclopedia Britannica, or he might conceivably have memorized something like *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

But Harry is not even a newspaper reader. Perhaps three or four generations of forebears who sat around cracker barrels have endowed him with the faculty of being perfectly capable of sitting around and staring into space for eight hours a day. Harry's mind to him is a kingdom, and he can get along beautifully with nothing but his own thoughts for company. That is how he managed to sit out the war years, when everybody else on The Strip was having convulsions trying to win the Battle of the Bulging Bankroll.

And Harry's patience, his faith, his patriotism, are beginning to pay off. The tourists are coming back to Hollywood and The Strip is one long line of endless traffic. And every once in a while one of the cars pulls off to the curbstone in front of the umbrella and a voice shouts, "How much?"

Harry makes it clear that there were times during the lean years when his faith in both democracy and Democracy began to teeter—sometimes it even seemed to totter. But now that the tourists are coming back, to The Strip, Harry feels that a President of the United States is a man who keeps his word. Tires and gasoline have been given back to the people, and Harry is once more voting the straight Democratic ticket.

If Harry gets two customers a day, he's had a good day. If he makes \$8, he manages to put \$5 away. He works Saturdays and Sundays, simply because he has

nothing else to do, and every Monday night he goes to the bowling alley.

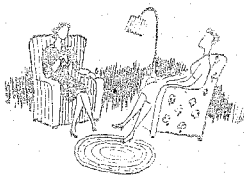
He expects to keep up the pace for another year, and then retire. He figures he can sell the business at a profit. He should get at least \$25 for the umbrella, the chair and the signs—and the good will he has built up over the years.

He doesn't say how much he's got in the bank, but he hints that business in the past year has been pretty darn good. Good enough, it seems, to let Harry entertain

thoughts of retiring. And when he does retire he's going to buy himself a piece of land somewhere up the California coast and build himself a small house. He wants to have a porch that will face the ocean and he wants to sit in a rocking chair and look at the ocean for the rest of his life.

"I figger," says Harry Kempis, a gentleman who adds his own distinctive touch to the gay, mad cosmopolis called Hollywood, "I'm sick and tired of the movie picture business."

"Now—I'm earning extra money during my spare time—and having a wonderful time doing it!"



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The Sage of Main Street, U.S.A.

by BEN KARTMAN

A millionaire in contentment, he lends wit and wisdom to the American scene

HE USED TO SIT idly on the rough plank in front of the blacksmith's shop and comment sagely on the little world that passed before him. Sometimes he would lift his eyes to the horizon and talk of larger things—of people and events far away; and though he had never been farther from town than the county fair, he talked with the quiet assurance of a world traveler. Deep within him there seemed to be an inexhaustible well from which he drew whatever he needed of wit and wisdom.

There were some people—mostly little, narrow people with secret envy in their hearts—who called him “the town bum,” or “that good-for-nothing loafer.” But their scornful epithets could not deceive the worshipful children who stood wide-eyed as he whittled marvelous wooden whistles and wove magic words into wondrous stories just for them. Young as they were, they *knew* he was the kindest, wisest man in all the world.

He is still with us, this homely, gay philosopher, in every cross-roads village. Today this millionaire in contentment, whose prototype is pictured on the opposite page, sits on an orange-crate bench beside the gas station or tilts back

on a rickety chair in the feed store, his feet on the potbellied stove. And he has more to talk about than ever, for he has learned that there is universal meaning in events taking place thousands of miles from Main Street, U.S.A.

Now and then he finds a larger stage, a wider audience, for his homespun philosophy and salty witticisms. Like Will Rogers, that Oklahoma cowboy who wandered out onto a vaudeville stage to do a few rope tricks and comment pointedly on the American scene, and became a favorite of millions. His wit was a little sharper, perhaps, his phrases a little more neatly turned; but essentially he was one with the philosopher of the blacksmith shop, the filling station or the feed store.

These local sages are as American as corn on the cob, as native as the Indian names which dot our maps, as easygoing as the meandering river at the edge of town, as warm as the sun that bakes the Nebraska country roads. Their needs are few, their demands simple: the only privilege they ask is to be let alone to live their lives as they please, working or idling, thinking or talking—yes, talking as freely as the banker, the mayor, or the President himself.

These sages of Main Street, U.S.A., are a picturesque example of democracy in practice.



The Gay Philosopher

He looks at the world with magnificent detachment, and the world pleases him. By forgiving its faults, just as he'd forgive the faults of a mischievous but lovable child, he finds it a very good world, indeed.

PAINTING BY THOMAS HART BENTON



Custer's Ride to Death

by FAIRFAX DOWNEY

EARLY ON THE morning of May 17, 1876, trumpets at Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dakota, sang Stable Call. Down on the picket lines troopers of the 7th U. S. Cavalry groomed the horses they would ride out on campaign against the Sioux and Cheyennes.

Later in the day, the regiment passed in review before kindly Gen-

eral Terry, commander of the expedition against the Indians. At the head of the troops rode George Armstrong Custer, debonair in buckskin campaign suit, wide sombrero, red bandana.

The mounted band blared martial tunes. Standards and guidons fluttered bravely. Trim, formidable, the regiment of 600 flowed on. A

casual eye might not notice gaps in its strength: that it was armed with single-shot Springfields instead of the repeating rifles Indians bought from traders; that only 28 out of a complement of 41 officers were present; that 40 per cent of the regiment were recruits.

The review over, Custer and the 7th Cavalry started out on their ride to destiny. By mid-June they were in hostile territory. Swarthy Major Reno, a Civil War hero inexperienced in Indian fighting, was sent south on a scouting expedition. He brought back word of an Indian trail leading west toward the Big Horn Mountains.

General Terry ordered Custer and his men to follow the trail and close in on the Indians, in conjunction with a second column of troops commanded by Terry himself and Colonel Gibbon. The two commands were to be in position by June 26 to catch the Sioux in a pincers. But Custer was warned that if the trail led to the valley of the Little Big Horn, he was to turn south and join the second column before attacking.

On toward the fatal field the 7th rode. Custer's regiment followed the wide Indian trail for three days. Now, scouts declared, it led into the valley of the Little Big Horn. Custer stood at the crossroads of his career. To turn aside, as orders required, might mean a lost opportunity. To thrust ahead would be at least technical disobedience of orders. Yet that might lead to a great victory. He swung his arm, signaling "Forward, march!"

At dawn, scouts summoned Custer to a crest. Many Indians yonder, they told him—too many. The

signs were ominous, but Custer could not know that this Montana village held at least 10,000 Sioux and Cheyennes. And the strength of the 7th was 600!

Since Terry and Gibbon could not be expected for another day, Custer must fight alone or let the Indians escape. Never a man to draw back from a fight, Custer made his second fateful decision. He would divide his force, taking some of the men with him while others accompanied Reno and Captain Benteen. Another contingent would guard the pack train.

The 7th swung into saddles. Benteen moved off to the left, while Reno advanced to strike the head of the village, assured by his commanding officer that he would be supported "by the whole outfit." On Reno's heels rode Custer, who swung away for a charge on the end of the village.

Riding out of a defile, Reno beheld the village two miles away. Sioux and Cheyennes sprung up by the hundreds, whooping and shooting. With his 122 men, Reno charged. As the blue line galloped on, red waves enveloped it. Reno had never seen such masses of Indians. Drive on through or make a stand? The Major made his choice. "Halt. Prepare to fight on foot. Dismount."

Carbines blasted back the red men. With a loss of only two men, Reno retreated to a line of timber. Indian bullets whizzed like wasps. Men began to drop. Hold this strip of woods or retreat? Again Reno's answer was: fall back. But Indian fire was taking a heavy toll. Red horsemen rushed in and dragged troopers from their saddles. The

retreat was close to panic now.

Meanwhile Custer had come in sight of the vast village. A trumpeter was sent racing back to the pack train with its vital ammunition. He carried Custer's last message: "Benteen. Come on. Big village. Be quick."

Benteen and his men came on, tired animals at the gallop. Surmounting a rise they looked down into the valley where horsemen scurried through dust and smoke. Closer, Benteen saw blue uniforms on a hill—Reno's men on the defensive. He rode to their rescue.

FOR CUSTER AND the rest of the 7th cavalry, the end had come soon after the messenger was dispatched. It is a story no soldier lived to tell. Stripped white bodies mute-ly told part of the tale. More of it was related years later by Indian warriors.

We glimpse the tall, splendid horseman in buckskin riding over the ridge, his blue-clad column at his back. Spurs into flanks and a thundering charge. An upflung arm in buckskin. Halt! Custer suspects an ambush. He pushes ahead, develops no opposition, rides on. Then all the furious Sioux and Cheyennes stream in through the treacherous gullies, fall on Custer's flanks, thrust against his front.

One troop, then a second dismounts. They hold their ground while the rest of the squadron retreats up a hill. Men gasp and die.

Wounded horses scream in agony.

The wild, yelping hordes converge on Custer and a remnant making a last stand near the summit. Down the hill war clubs rise and fall to smash the skulls of prostrate figures in blue.

It is all over in one brief, desperate hour. On the battlefield of the Little Big Horn, Custer lies dead, and about him his captains and his men-at-arms.

Terry and Gibbon came up the next morning. They buried Custer, unscalped and un mutilated, and the 211 men who died with him. They buried Reno's 53 dead and tenderly carried away 52 wounded. Back to headquarters, to the widows at Fort Abraham Lincoln, to a deeply shocked nation, the wires carried tragic words. It was the greatest Indian victory, the Army's worst defeat.

For years the living symbol of Custer's fight was the only creature left alive on Custer Hill—Comanche, a sturdy bay gelding. Bleeding from wounds, the charger was too severely hurt to be worth the Indians' notice. Carried back to Fort Lincoln, a sling supported him in his stall until he was healed. He was never ridden or worked again. Saddled and bridled, he was led by a mounted trooper in all the 7th's parades until he died in 1891.

Comanche was and is a tradition of a regiment and of the Service. On such thrives the spirit of the U. S. Army.

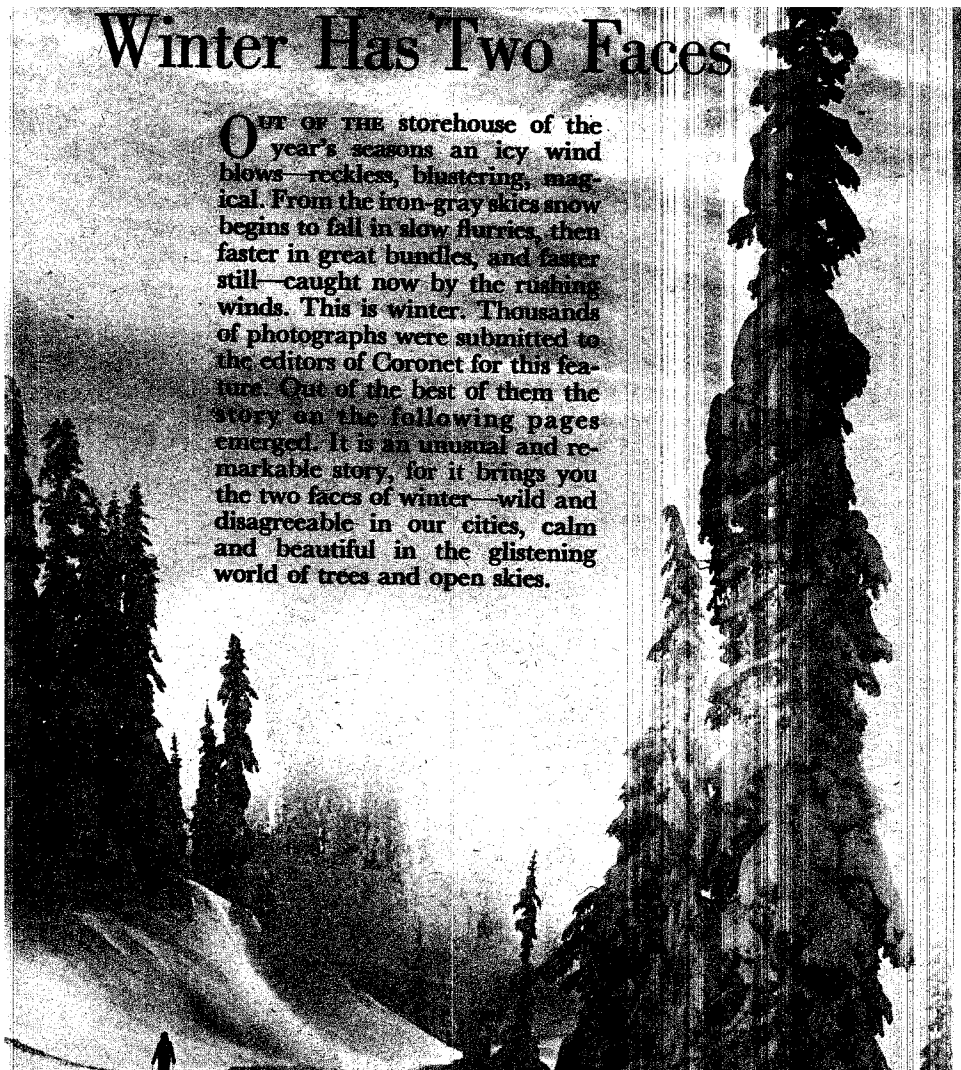


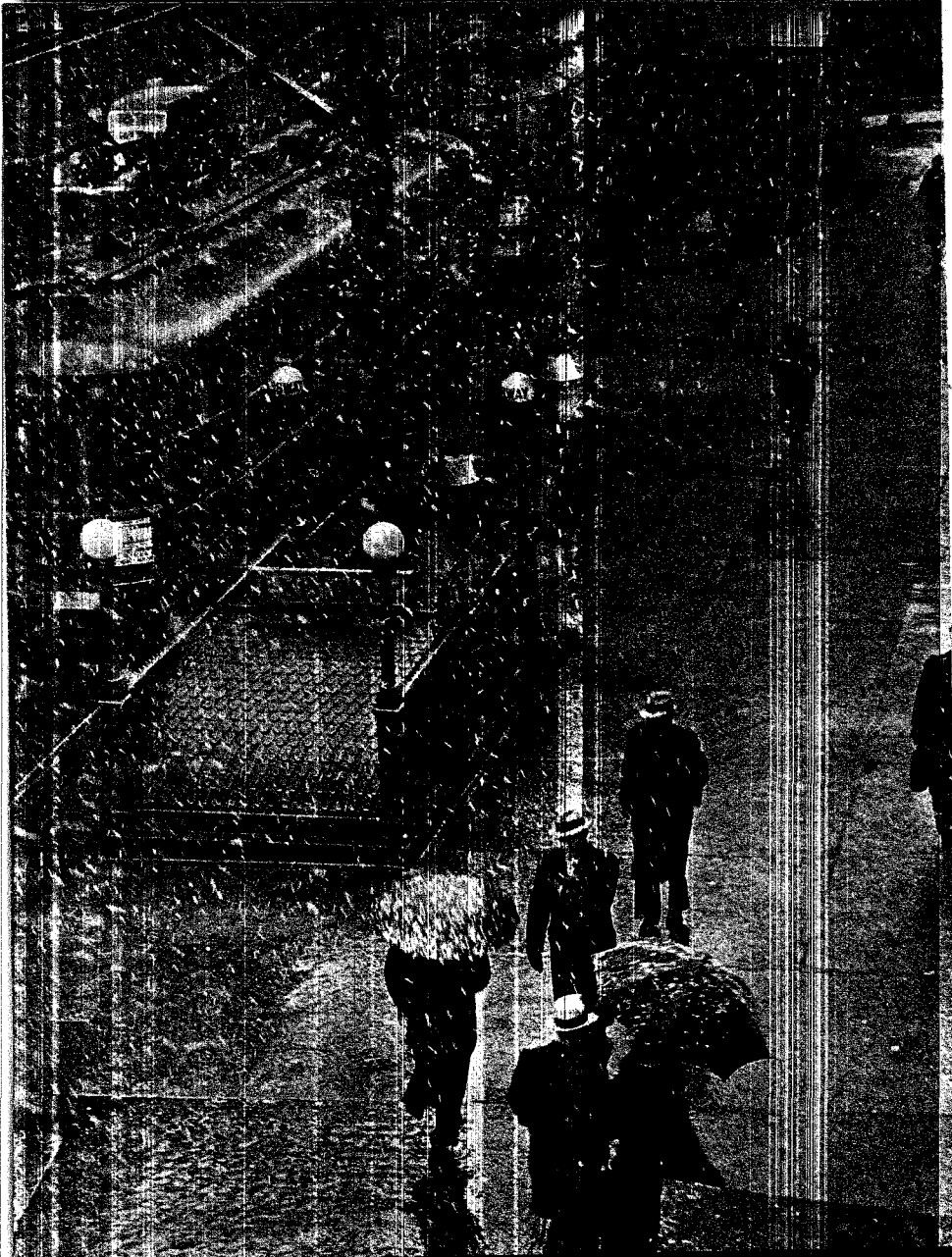
Men talk of "finding God," but no wonder it is difficult; He is hidden in that darkest of hiding places, your own heart.

—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Winter Has Two Faces

OUT OF THE storehouse of the year's seasons an icy wind blows—reckless, blustering, magical. From the iron-gray skies snow begins to fall in slow flurries, then faster in great bundles, and faster still—caught now by the rushing winds. This is winter. Thousands of photographs were submitted to the editors of Coronet for this feature. Out of the best of them the story on the following pages emerged. It is an unusual and remarkable story, for it brings you the two faces of winter—wild and disagreeable in our cities, calm and beautiful in the glistening world of trees and open skies.



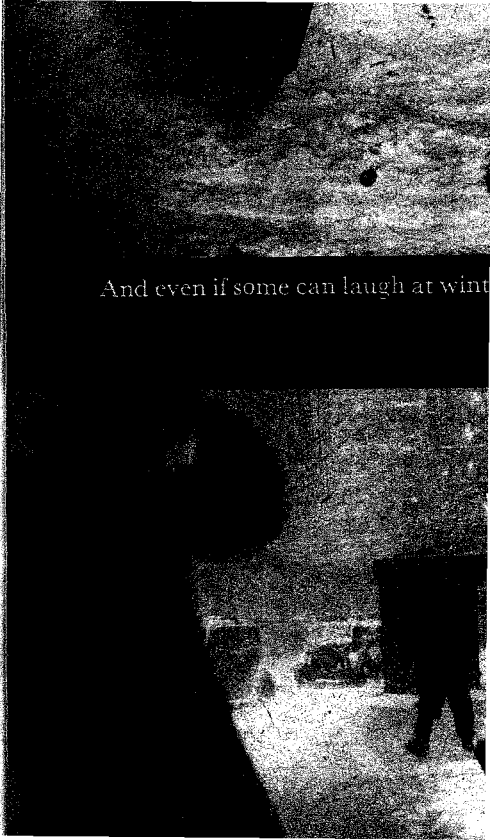


In the big cities—in New York and Chicago, Boston, St. Louis and Seattle—people will tell you: “Winter’s okay, I guess, but for me—well, I’d just as soon skip it.”

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And they may be right. For winter in the city is a great, gray ghost
which swallows the sun and drives cheer into hiding.



And even if some can laugh at winter



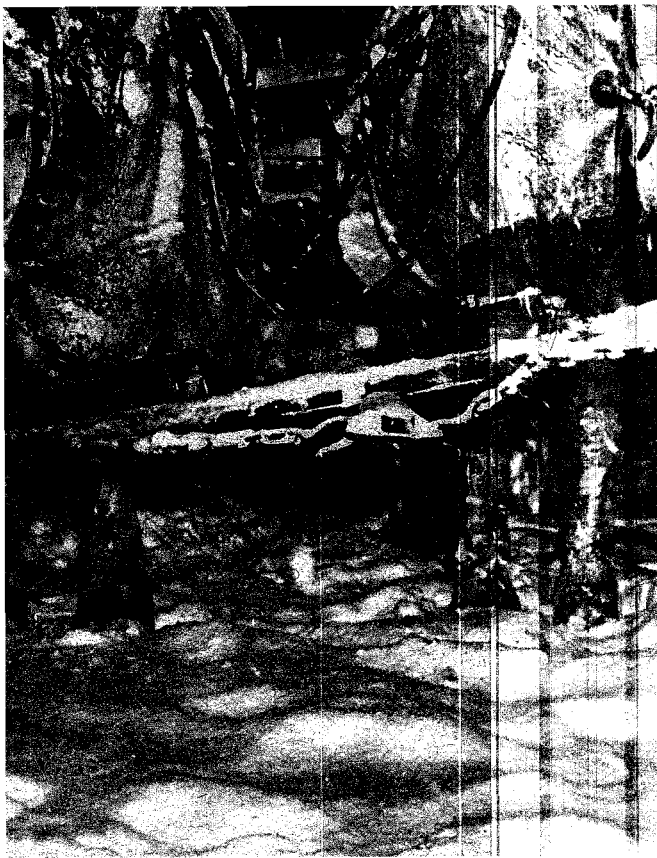
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ough all the snow and bluster of winter in the city the "home
stands by—the policeman sticks to his corner—always ready
o . . .

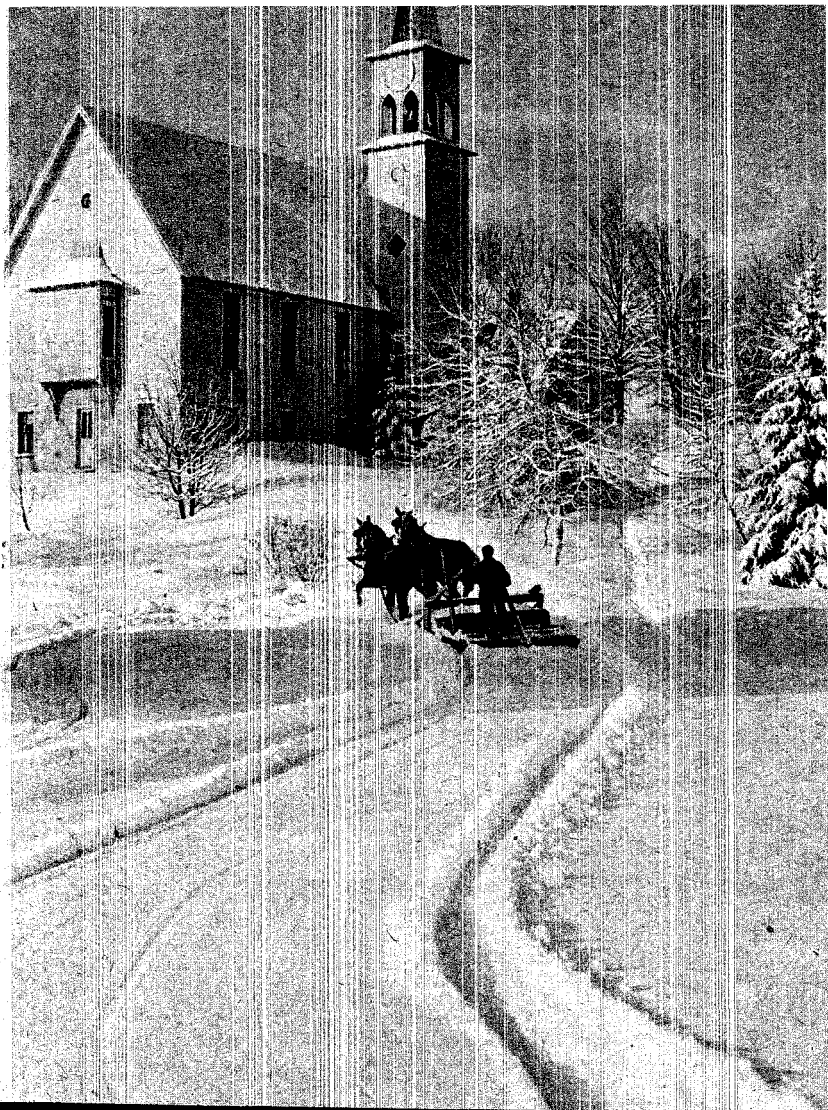




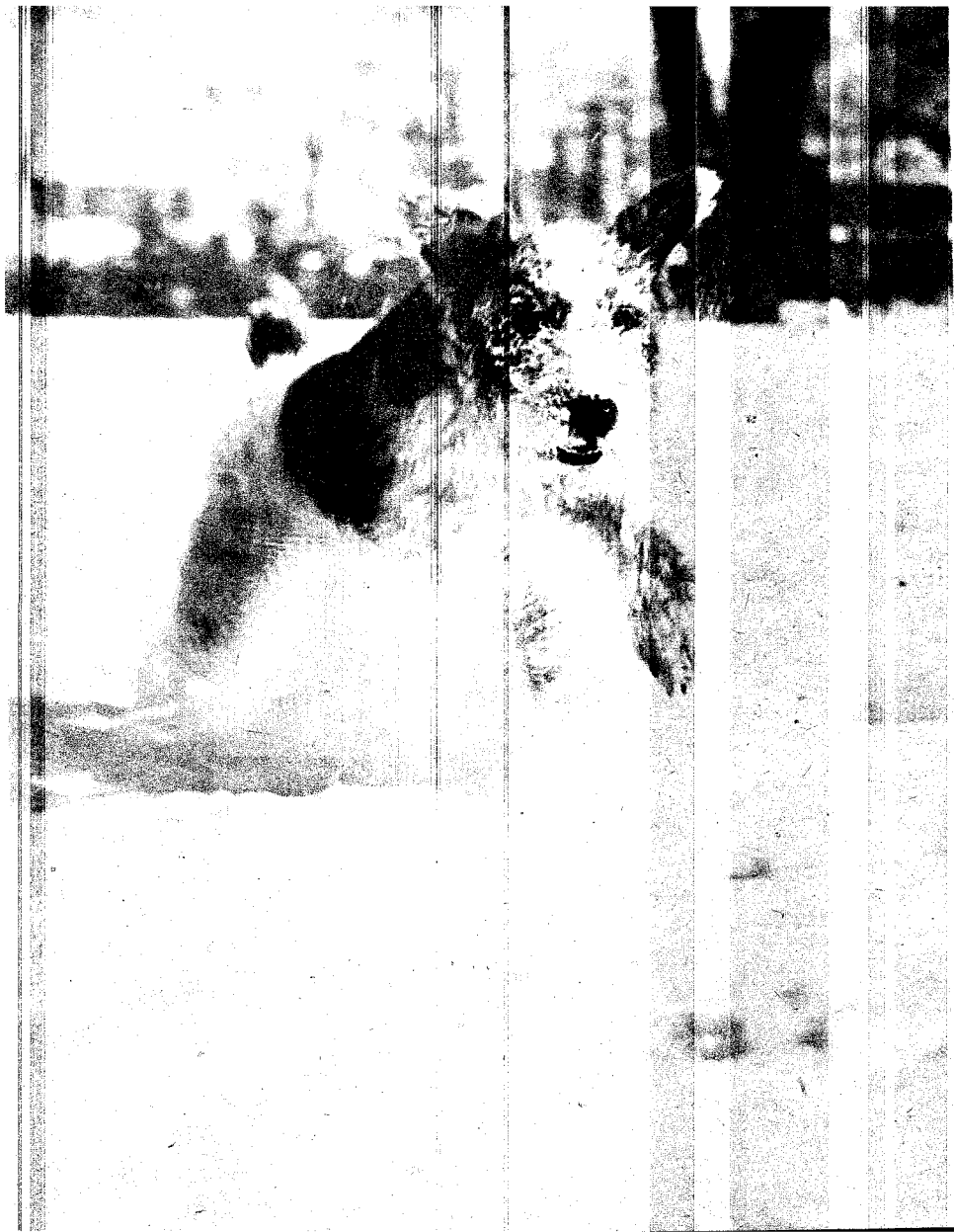
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Here, away from the gray cities, winter is a poet's season—tranq
unhurried.



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Barber-Shop Harmony

by KEITH HARRIS

In the gay, unhurried days of the mellow '90s, song was as natural as life itself

ALONG WITH THE horsecar and the gas lamp, the barber-shop quartet was a colorful feature of the mellow '90s. Just why the barber shop should have been the birthplace of close harmony is still a mystery. Perhaps it was because the fashion of the day called for elaborate tonsorial treatments, and on busy days customers had to wait while the barber achieved just the right trim on beard or moustache.

No one was impatient, because there was no more pleasant place to kill an idle hour. The rich scent of bay rum and witch hazel filled the air. And there was the pleasant rumbling of male conversation on weighty public subjects.

In such an atmosphere of good fellowship it was inevitable that one day someone would start to sing—and it was just as inevitable that a single melodious voice would invite joint harmony. Jacksonville, Florida, has long claimed fame as the home of the first quartet. Sigmund Spaeth, author who has researched this uniquely American form of harmony, supports the claim by suggesting that barber-shop singing probably started in the South where many of the barbers were Negroes.

As the idea caught on, it was open to one and all, customer and proprietor. To the purist, barber-

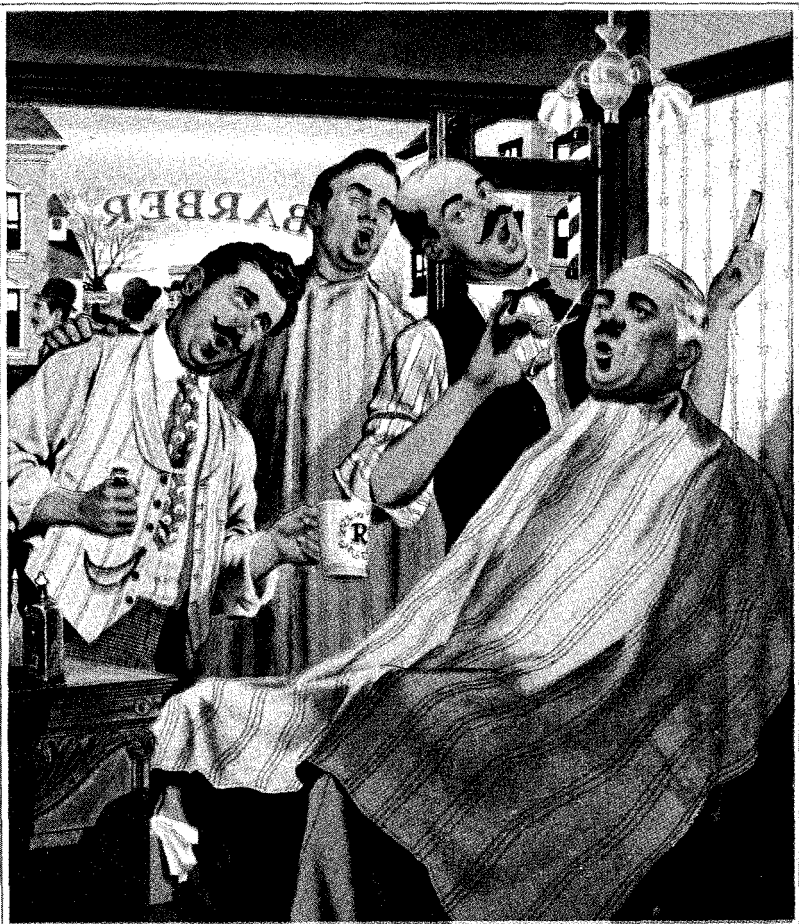
shop harmony means four men singing together; but in practice, any number could and did join in. And when the rich refrains of *Sweet Genevieve* rolled out past the red-and-white striped pole, listeners gathered to enjoy the concert.

Thus, for several decades, barber-shop harmony reigned in the field of American popular music. But after World War I, the tuneful old melodies were drowned by Jazz Age trumpets; and short-haired flappers invaded the once strictly male domain of the barber shop. The old songs were recalled with sad shakings of the head.

Not until 1938, when Tulsa tax-attorney Owen Cash and a group of friends got together, was anything done about it. They organized the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America, Inc.

Today, the SPEBSQSA claims more than 10,000 members in 205 chapters throughout the U.S. Each year they attend the national convention and compete for the title of the best barber-shop quartet in America.

With its leisurely name, reminiscent of the easygoing atmosphere of Grandpa's day, the SPEBSQSA is protecting an American heritage. But, as any good member will tell you, the task is not as serious as it sounds. Mostly, it's fun.

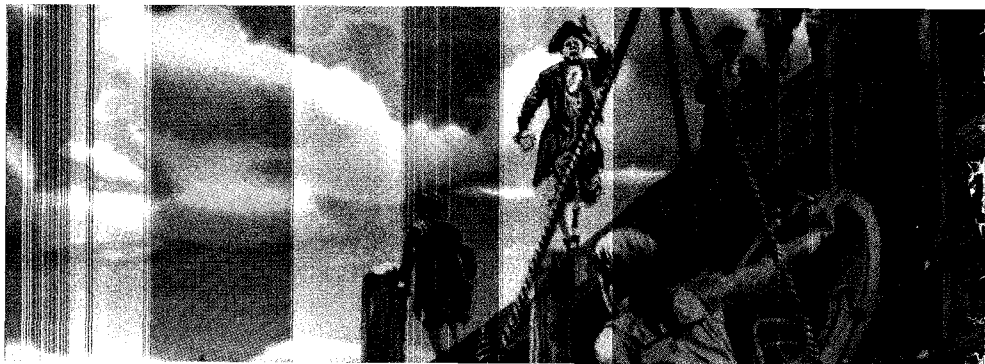


THE BARBER-SHOP QUARTET

The strains of *Dear Old Girl* accented by the clipping of the shears . . . it's an age that is gone forever; gone with its moustache cups and two-bit haircuts. But the beloved songs live on, heavy with the fragrance of carefree days.

ANOTHER IN A SERIES OF FAMILIAR SCENES IN AMERICAN LIFE. PAINTING BY SAM BATES

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Father of the Submarine

by CAROL LYNN GILMER

IN THE SUMMER OF 1775, a frail young student presented himself to Gen. Samuel H. Parsons of the newly organized Continental Army. "Would you like to know how one man could blow up a British battleship?" he asked.

The officer listened with excitement as David Bushnell told how his experiments at Yale University had demonstrated that gunpowder would explode under water—not with a puny thud, but with great explosive force. The young inventor had plans for an underwater boat operated by one man which would carry the "water mine" to an enemy ship and attach it to the ship's underside.

Parsons sent a query to his commander-in-chief, George Washington; then he told the young inventor to go ahead.

One night in August, 1776, the *Turtle*, an awkward-looking, egg-shaped vessel, was lowered by crude rope slings into the Hudson River. Inside it was Sgt. Ezra Lee, whose mission was to blow up the 64-gun British flagship, the *Eagle*.

It was a David and Goliath contest. The *Turtle*, about six feet high, constructed of slats of wood, was powered by a horizontal four-bladed propeller, cranked from in-

side; a vertical propeller, and valves and pumps to let in or eject water, raised and lowered the ship. A 900-pound lead weight served as ballast.

The *Turtle's* offensive armament—a wooden cask containing 150 pounds of gunpowder and a clockwork fuse—was attached by a rope to a large screw driver which Lee would screw into the *Eagle's* hull with an inside crank, leaving the explosive charge dangling a few feet below the *Eagle's* waterline. In 20 minutes the fuse would set off the explosion. Sergeant Lee would be clear, since the *Turtle* could do from one to three miles an hour.

In theory, the idea was simple and practical, but in the test it failed. Lee maneuvered the *Turtle* under the British ship, but he could not pierce the *Eagle's* hull: the warship was copper-sheathed! Finally forced to the surface by foul air, Lee released the mine, which exploded harmlessly in the river.

Several later attacks also failed. Finally the enemy got the range of the queer vessel and sank it. Discouraged, Bushnell gave up his submarine experiments, but he had paved the way for future inventors.

However, one man continued to believe in Bushnell and his submarine. Years after the war, George Washington wrote Thomas Jefferson: "I then thought, and I still think, it was an effort of genius."

David Bushnell's crude *Turtle* was the forerunner of the modern submarine.

Meet Your New Servant: Liquid Heat

Home will be a warmer and brighter place through the magic of an amazing fluid

by EDWIN DIEHL

IN ABRAHAM LINCOLN's day a single fireplace cooked the food, warmed the house, gave light for reading, heated water and was the source of energy for many other home needs. Then, as civilization progressed, man developed separate fuels for each purpose until in the 20th century we pay one utility company for electricity, a second firm for gas and a third for coal and oil.

Today, in rural New Jersey, science is taking us back to Lincoln's day. Fulfilling an engineer's dream, researchers have evolved a process whereby a single fuel cooks, bakes, supplies house heat and hot water, runs the refrigerator and other household appliances. In place of the three fuels common in most houses, from the laboratory comes proof that all home utilities can be run by one fuel—and run more efficiently and cheaply.

Liquid heat is the secret of making one fuel do the work of three. The tongue-twisting name of this amazing new chemical is tetracresylsilicate. Where water boils at 212° Fahrenheit and freezes at 32°, liq-

uid heat does not boil until its temperature is about 817° Fahrenheit. Its freezing point has never been determined, but it is lower than 75° below zero!

The John B. Pierce Foundation, dedicated to non-profit research in the fields of heating, ventilation and sanitation, has perfected liquid heat at the Foundation's research laboratories in Raritan, New Jersey. Here scientists have been cooking, making ice, heating the equivalent of a six-room house with a tiny 10-by-13-inch radiator weighing 13 pounds and performing other domestic miracles with liquid heat for the benefit of skeptical engineers and interested industrialists. All have gone away convinced that liquid heat is the newest answer to home comfort.

The Foundation is now negotiating with a number of manufacturers who seek a license to turn out the small power plants, and commercial marketing of the units is less than 18 months off. But behind the laboratory demonstrations are years of patient experiment—and Orion O. Oaks. Some

years back, when Oaks first presented his revolutionary ideas about fuel, J. F. O'Brien, executive director of the Foundation, invited the heating engineer into the organization. Oaks, a heating expert all his life, set out to harness a single source of energy that would give the home owner a great economy of fuel consumption and at the same time remove the necessity of three and four public-utility services used in some sectors.

He and Foundation associates, reasoning that the answer lay in a hot liquid circulated through pipes, required a liquid which could be raised to very high temperatures without vaporizing. The liquid-heat formula, which is secret, was discovered by the Arthur D. Little Laboratories in Cambridge, Massachusetts. But until Oaks saw the practical significance of exploiting the chemical, it was little more than a curiosity.

For home use, temperature requirements run up to about 600° Fahrenheit—it takes 550° to broil a steak. But water vapor at 600° exerts such a high pressure that it would be highly hazardous in a home. Liquid heat, on the other hand, can be heated to 817° at *atmospheric pressure*, the same pressure in which we live. Once this chemical was available, it was only necessary to work out adaptations for harnessing the power and using and controlling it for cooking, refrigeration and heating.

THE BASIS OF the new power plant is a heating plant adapted from the ordinary household type. The furnace can be fired by coal, gas, oil, electricity—whatever is avail-

able. From the boiler the liquid heat is carried through a coil immersed in water, producing hot water instantaneously, and flows to a radiator, 18 inches square, which supplies all the heat needed for a 10-room house.

From the boiler by another channel—the liquid is routed through a loop of pipe to an automatic refrigerator of the standard flame type. Another artery of hot fluid is connected to the cooking range, which has a built-in griddle, hot plate, toaster, six wells for pots, two ovens and a small sink, added for convenience in food preparation. The flow of liquid to each well or unit is individually and automatically controlled to maintain whatever temperature may be required.

If required, the liquid can also power a small steam turbine-generator which will deliver electricity for every domestic need and many other needs, such as agricultural, where electricity is not available. And before the fluid is returned to the boiler for reheating, it can be detoured to operate dishwashers, washing machines, laundry driers or any other home appliance.

At each point of use there is no wastage of heat. In cooking, for instance, the liquid is piped to hollow-wall wells in the stove. Fluid heat is directed only into the pots; none is dissipated into the air.

Because the heat is exclusively radiant, the time required for preparation of foods is materially less than in other stoves or ranges. To raise the griddle of cooking pots from cold-room temperature to working temperature requires only 30 seconds, while ovens are ready

for roast beef within two minutes.

When officials of a leading hotel chain visited the Jersey laboratories, they had a New York chef prepare a number of pies. Some were cooked in the usual manner; the others were baked in the demonstration oven. When the group tasted the two, their conclusions favored liquid-heat cooking. Said the chef: "Cooking with liquid heat is the nearest thing to cooking with a brick oven in the country."

Not only will the clean radiant heat capture the hearts of housewives, but since there is no open combustion and no heat loss, kitchens will be cleaner and cooler. The oven is quickly convertible into a dishwasher, while radiant heat offers an instant medium for drying. High temperatures might permit the housewife to substitute fast dehydration of fruits and vegetables for the usual canning or freezing.

COST OF INSTALLING a liquid heat unit will be low—about the same as for any conventional system. The big saving will be in fuel. Not only will utility bills be cut, but you will burn less of the primary fuel—such as coal or oil—get more energy from what you do burn and effect an over-all slash of something like 50 per cent in expense. What's more, the chemical does not evaporate, will not wear out and improves with age and use.

Because of high temperature and lack of pressure, the pipes carrying the liquid do not have to be heavy. Actually, installation of a unit eliminates much of the bulky, awkward piping and ducts needed for com-

mon systems. Standard-weight valves and fittings are used throughout the unit and for connecting arteries.

Liquid heat is non-poisonous, non-corrosive, non-explosive, and after two years' use, pipes which have carried the liquid show no deterioration. The chemical looks like motor oil and smells slightly like carbolic acid, which gives warning in case of leaks. In fact, from the safety angle, liquid heat is quite harmless, for there is no danger of shock, explosion, or suffocation.

The possibilities of using liquid heat on a large scale for farm or housing projects, or for supplying service to an entire community are practicable and economical. Laundries, hotels, bakeries and scores of manufacturers have deluged the Pierce Foundation with requests. For homes in remote spots, liquid heat can provide metropolitan conveniences in abundance. All that is necessary is one basic fuel—any kind of fuel—to springboard the power of liquid heat.

Recently, officials of a large utility visited the Foundation. After inspecting the heat unit and observing Oaks' demonstrations, their spokesman said: "Well, it looks like we've got a real competitor!"

Oaks shrugged and said: "We're burning coal for this demonstration but we could just as well use gas, oil or electricity. If power rates go down, there's no reason why electricity can't be used as the basic energy for a home plant in many sections of the country."

The Foundation doesn't care what primary fuel is used. Their only concern is that liquid heat

makes for better living and healthier homes at low cost. That has been the mission of the Foundation since its inception. Named after John B. Pierce, New England industrialist who helped establish the American heating industry, it has pioneered in insulation, electrical wiring systems, pre-fabrication of homes and community developments.

In his peculiar will—he named more than 400 associates for indi-

vidual bequests—Pierce set up the Foundation on a non-profit basis whose funds were to be used to advance the “general hygiene and comfort of human beings and their habitations.” Through the years his estate has provided several million dollars for such work. In the development and application of liquid heat, the Foundation has taken a tremendous stride toward fulfilling the practical and worthwhile objectives of its founder.

Phenomenon at Bikini

IT WAS THE afternoon of A-Day at Bikini. The U. S. S. *Kenneth Whiting* moved slowly back into the lagoon and anchored a mile off shore—and the same distance from the target center. Aboard, besides the ship's complement of 500 officers and men, were about 100 Crossroads civilian personnel.

Although everyone had been repeatedly assured that there was no danger, the atmosphere aboard ship was tense. The talk of the bomb's lethal aftereffects at Hiroshima and Nagasaki had had their effects. So had the elaborate safety precautions taken at Bikini. Who could say he really *knew* there was nothing to fear?

But as the sun set and darkness settled over the ship, the tension eased. Strained faces gradually relaxed, and officers and men went about their duties in normal fashion. Off-duty personnel went topside for the movie which was scheduled to start just after dark.

Suddenly it happened. Someone reported a mysterious light moving about the stern underwater. Everyone, including the four captains aboard, stampeded to the fantail to take a look. There was a light, all right, about 30 feet from the stern, seeming to move slightly from side to side.

Out came the Geiger counters, and the area was tested for radioactivity. Was it a piece of radioactive driftwood? A fish? Or some more sinister evidence of the world's dangerous new weapon? The vague fears returned.

Excitement and conjecture ran high for two hours. Then someone noticed a fishline tied to the rail. He pulled it in, and there at the end of the line was the mysterious underwater phenomenon. Some sailor with a rare sense of humor had tied it to the line and dropped it over the side.

It was a waterproof flashlight.

—WALT J. COOK

Herndon of the *Central America*

by HANSON W. BALDWIN

To the last, a gallant commander fought the full fury of the sea, but Death was aboard his ship as an unlisted passenger

ALL HOPE HAD GONE. The *Central America* was dying—dying in the darkness of a wild September night, her seams opened to the sea, her sails shredded bits of canvas ripped from the bolt ropes.

Herndon, her captain, clung to a bridge stanchion as the hulk rolled heavily in the trough of giant seas. He had seen the sun set—the last sunset he would ever see. He had watched the quick twilight fade as the last boat got away, laboring frightfully in the roar of waters. Herndon knew it was the end. Slowly he turned toward his cabin. . . .

He had commanded her for almost two years—this ship that now was sinking beneath his feet. For almost two years he had taken her back and forth on the run from New York via Havana to the fever-ridden hole at Aspinwall. He had brought many of the Forty-Niners home with their bulging sacks of gold; he had taken scores of adventurous young blades, eager for fame and fortune, down the seaway to the Isthmus—gateway to California's gold.

Two years, and the *Central America* had helped to make history. Now it was over, and the stout side-wheeler with her lofty masts was to sink into the limbo of the past.

She had stood out of Havana on September 8, 1857, with her crew of 101, a full passenger list of 474—most of them from California—and about \$2,000,000 in gold. Out of Havana in fair weather and high spirits, with Cuba behind them like a cloud on the horizon and ahead the sea lane to New York.

Midnight of the ninth the wind had freshened; in the midwatch the barometer dropped rapidly, and by dawn a gale was roaring out of the nor'nor'east.

Two days of wind and weather—great seas rolling southward—slowed the ship; the *Central America* strained and groaned. On the forenoon of the eleventh her seams opened; the sea had won. But Herndon did not admit defeat. Red-eyed and tired, he ordered his men to the pumps.

The wind shrieked at whole-gale force; the sea lipped eagerly about the opened seams and gurgled into the hold, giving her a starboard list. By two bells of the afternoon watch the strakes had worked so far apart that inrushing water had extinguished the portside fires, and the engine had souged to a stop for lack of steam.

Herndon routed out the passengers—all hands to save ship. He organized bailing gangs; buckets, barrels, scoops, pots and wheezing pumps sucked and dipped at the ocean in the hold. Some of the passengers shifted freight—from starboard to larboard—while Herndon tried to keep his ship headed up with

some wisps of canvas. Anyone not working was ordered to the windward side; the ship was trimmed; once more, briefly, she rode the combers on an even keel.

But the *Central America's* seams were wide to the eager sea. Passengers—men and women and even the older children—worked side by side with an exhausted crew at the buckets and the barrels and the pumps. It was no good. The water gained; tired muscles wearied in the endless struggle. The night came down as the storm shrieked on and the ship settled.

During the night Herndon had the foreyard sent down; he tried time and again to get the *Central America* before the wind, but there was no canvas strong enough to hold in the gale. Sails were blown to tatters.

Dawn of the twelfth revealed a drifting hulk, battered and sinking. But still the captain refused to despair. They were in the shipping lanes, help might come. "Rally all," he said. He kept them working at the pumps, hoisted the ensign upside down, had minute guns fired.

About noon the wind abated, but the gale had done its work; the *Central America* was doomed. In the afternoon a ship was sighted; hope rose; the gun boomed. And the passing ship, the brig *Marine* out of Boston, Captain Burt, hove to—though she herself had been damaged by the storm.

Herndon had the boats manned

and lowered; the women and children climbed in; the boats commenced their perilous pull leeward. Flung skyward, then dropped between the waves, they rode the combers, reached the brig, pulled back a long pull to the foundering vessel. A second time they made the dangerous passage—100 saved.

As the last boat was ready to pull away, Herndon halted a passenger about to embark and handed him his watch. The captain choked up—he who had stuck to his bridge, encouraged his crew, bravely fought the old fight against great waters. There was everything to live for (he was only 44): his wife; his daughter Ellen who later was to marry Chester A. Arthur, twenty-first President

of the United States; his service, and his friends. He thrust the watch at the passenger; spoke of his wife.

"Give it to her, and tell her—tell—her from me. . . ."

He could not go on; he shook his head and turned away. The boat pulled off; in a moment Herndon was back on the bridge, composed and waiting the end. Those hundreds left aboard saw

their commander on the bridge, cool and quiet, looking out at the faint glow in the west. There was no panic.

The *Central America* foundered that night, carrying down with her the bags of California gold, her commander, and 423 of her passengers and crew. In addition to those taken to the *Marine*, 49 pas-



sengers were picked out of the water next morning by the Norwegian bark *Ellen*, after clinging for hours to bits of wreckage. Three others were rescued, days later, by an English brig after they had drifted with the Gulf Stream more than 450 miles from the scene of the sinking.

HERNDON'S LAST hours had been spent in vain attempts to save more lives. Rockets were sent up every 15 minutes; life preservers were distributed as the ship settled slowly but surely to her doom, and the commander set the passengers and crew to work chopping away part of the hurricane deck to make an impromptu raft.

Towards the last, through the night, above the waves and wind, a boat's oars had been heard. But it was too late; the ship was going;

Herndon had warned the boat off to keep her from being sucked down with the sinking ship.

"Keep off! Keep off!"

Everything had been done that could be done; it was only a question of moments until the end. Herndon went to his stateroom, and in a few minutes removed the oil-skin cover that concealed his naval-cap insignia. He took his stand on the wheelhouse, bracing himself against the ship's list.

A rocket went up—a fiery meteor illuminating briefly the dismayed foundering ship, the wrecked hopes of those who had gone west for gold. The *Central America* gave a final lurch.

Herndon, clinging to the wheelhouse rail, uncovered, waved his hand. The side-wheel steamer, out of Aspinwall for New York, turned on her side and sank.



Reserve Your Copy of the Coronet Quiz Book

The Coronet Game Book Section has long been one of the most popular features of the magazine. As one reader recently wrote: "The only fault I find with your Game Book Section is that there's not enough of it. Working your games and quizzes keeps me engrossed for a few evenings. After that, I've got to sit back and wait for my next issue of Coronet."

That letter, and scores more like it, inspired the Coronet Quiz Book, which contains 100 of the best games and quizzes from Coronet's pages in the last ten years. It's guaranteed to give you—and your party guests—many evenings of fun and mental stimulation. There's something in it for every taste . . . literature, sports, music, vocabulary, politics, current events. It's just the book to pep up a dull party (frantic hostesses, please take note) or to brighten those idle hours at home.

You can secure your copy by sending a check or money order for \$1.75 to Coronet, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. If you'd like additional copies . . . they're perfect for gifts . . . send \$1.75 for each copy. But place your order *now* to be sure of getting your Coronet Quiz Book.



What's Ahead in '47?

with KAY KYSER
as Guest Conductor

People are calling the future unpredictable, and it worries them. That's why Kay Kyser, unfailingly cheerful professor of the College of Musical Knowledge, opens the New Year Game Book with a quiz on some of the things that can still be predicted with reasonable accuracy. How good a prognosticator are you? Try choosing the most likely prediction on each of the questions below. Remember, they all apply to the year 1947. Get 4 correct to pass, 6 correct for a better-than-average score. You will find the answers listed on page 99.

1. In 1947, planes flying coast-to-coast will require
 - (a) about 13 hours
 - (b) about 9 hours
 - (c) about 7 hours
2. Princess Elizabeth will come of age, making her
 - (a) a duchess
 - (b) a peer of the realm
 - (c) unchanged in status, politically
3. The Republican national convention will be
 - (a) in Tennessee
 - (b) in Chicago
 - (c) not held at all
4. You will travel approximately
 - (a) 50 million miles
 - (b) 600 million miles
 - (c) 4 billion miles
5. Gold will be extracted from
 - (a) sea water
 - (b) wood
 - (c) uranium
6. Vegetables will be grown
 - (a) suspended in air
 - (b) in chemical solutions
 - (c) in mid-ocean
7. There will be war between
 - (a) Mammalia and Zymosis
 - (b) Iran and Persia
 - (c) Scylla and Charybdis

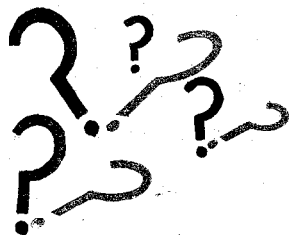
Musical Mixup

What goes on here? You'd better straighten out the mess in the quiz below before Maestro Kyser shows up to take the baton. Starting with the very first statement, you know that Benny Goodman shouldn't be at the drums; he should be playing the clarinet. Can you supply the correct specialty for each of the other performers named in this quiz? Seven correct answers is average, ten right is good. Answers are on page 99.

1. Benny Goodman is at the drums.
2. Larry Adler is playing the saxophone.
3. Alec Templeton has the clarinet.
4. Phil Baker is playing the trumpet.
5. Gene Krupa is clutching the trombone.
6. Ray Bolger is tuning a fiddle.
7. Tommy Dorsey is playing a harmonica.
8. Cliff Edwards is blowing into a bazooka.
9. Harpo Marx is strumming the banjo.
10. Louis Armstrong is at the organ.
11. Jimmy Dorsey is at the piano.
12. Jesse Crawford has an accordion.
13. Sophie Tucker is playing the harp.
14. Bob Burns is dancing.
15. Evelyn is singing *Some of These Days*.

What Is It?

It belongs to you even though you didn't buy it, borrow it or steal it. It is totally useless to you, yet you can't live without it and you can't give it away. You can touch it but cannot feel it, and it moves without making any noise. You are constantly losing the darn thing; yet you don't care because you know you will find it again. Dogs and horses have it, and so do camels. *What is it?* (See page 99.)



Names that Made History

The chances are this quiz is about *you*, because when you fill in the blanks below you'll have the names which are most common among Americans. The name that completes sentence No. 1 is probably the most common family name, No. 2 is probably the next-most-common, and so on. Passing grade is 7 correct. Get 9 or more right and you're a nut on names; but fewer than 5 right and you're a dud. The answers are on page 99.

1. A founder of the State of Virginia, John _____ is remembered chiefly in connection with an Indian princess.
2. A Tennessee tailor who became President, Andrew _____ was impeached but not convicted.
3. Captured at Harper's Ferry and hanged at Charleston, John _____ and his body were sung about by Union soldiers.
4. The State of Rhode Island was founded by a Puritan named Roger _____.
5. Millions of school children know Christopher Columbus' words, "Sail on," in a poem by Joaquin _____.
6. And the statement "I have not yet begun to fight" was made by John Paul _____.
7. The Senator from Mississippi, Jefferson _____, was elected President of the new government.
8. His first name was Thomas, but _____ didn't use it either as President of Princeton or as wartime President of the United States.
9. They've named many theaters for Mary _____, the Shakespearean actress from Sacramento, Calif.
10. His first name was Zachary, he was President in the days of the forty-niners, and his last name was _____.

The King's English

Start with any letter. Move one square at a time in any direction to spell out a common English word of four or more letters. For example, start with R in the bottom row and spell *reply*. Do not use proper names; do not form plurals by adding "s" to three-letter words; do not use the same letter twice in one word. Par is 20 words in 35 minutes. Our word-list (page 99) has 27 words; can you get more?

H	Q	C	A	F
U	Y	L	V	T
D	O	P	M	W
G	K	B	E	J
S	I	R	Z	N

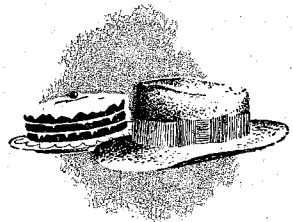
Fantastic—But True!

The point of this quiz isn't really to get the correct answers; it's to find out what the answers are. We warn you to guess high on No. 4, and don't jump to conclusions on any of them. Par on this (for the average person) is one correct guess and one close miss; the others are just gasps. And we don't blame you at all if you feel like saying "I don't believe it!" after you have looked at the answers given on the opposite page.

1. I shoot a 5-pound cannon ball horizontally from the top of a tower. At the same instant I drop another 5-pound cannon ball. The tower is 200 feet high. The ball I shot travels 6 miles; the ball I dropped travels 200 feet. Which reaches the ground first?
2. You and I are playing with a cork ball 4 feet in diameter. I ask you to pick it up and bring it to me. You put your arms around it, but you don't bring it to me. Why not?
3. Two airplanes, identical in size, fly over a field. One is 2,000 feet high, the other only 250 feet high. Both cast shadows on the field. What is the difference in size of the shadows?
4. I cut a newspaper page in half. I put one piece on top of the other and cut them in half again. I pile these together and cut them once more. If I could go on doing this for fifty-two cuttings, how high would the pile become?
5. "Boil the water till it freezes," the professor told his wife; and she called the asylum to come and get him. But had the old boy really gone goofy?

Kay Kyser's Favorite Ice-Breaker

Tell a group of your friends that you can place two different cakes under two different hats, eat both cakes down to the last crumb, and again place the same cakes under the same hats. They won't believe you, of course, for it does sound impossible. But take my word for it, it can be done. The solution is given on the opposite page. You'll be amazed when you see how simple it is.



What's Ahead in '47?

- (b) 9 hours; they've flown it in less.
- (c) unchanged in status, politically.
- (c) it isn't due until 1948.
- (b) 600 million miles, just by riding along with the earth.
- (a) sea water; it's been done for years.
- (b) in chemical solutions, no soil required.
- (a) human beings are Mammalia, and zymosis is the spread of disease.

Musical Mixup

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Benny Goodman—clarinet | 8. Cliff Edwards—banjo |
| 2. Larry Adler—harmonica | 9. Harpo Marx—harp |
| 3. Alec Templeton—piano | 10. Louis Armstrong—trumpet |
| 4. Phil Baker—accordion | 11. Jimmy Dorsey—saxophone |
| 5. Gene Krupa—drums | 12. Jesse Crawford—organ |
| 6. Ray Bolger—dancing | 13. Sophie Tucker—singing |
| 7. Tommy Dorsey—trombone | 14. Bob Burns—bazooka |
| | 15. Evelyn—violin |

What Is It?

Your shadow.

Kay Kyser's Ice-Breaker

Just remove the cakes from under the hats, eat them, and put the two hats on your head.

Names That Made History

- | | | | | |
|------------|-------------|-----------|-----------|-------------|
| 1. Smith | 3. Brown | 5. Miller | 7. Davis | 9. Anderson |
| 2. Johnson | 4. Williams | 6. Jones | 8. Wilson | 10. Taylor |

The King's English

alme	brisk	clog	hypo	lobe	peri	risk
aloud	calm	dope	jerk	lope	perk	sire
brew	calmer	employ		loud	plat	siren
brig	clod	hyperbola	lacy	open	reply	talc

Fantastic—But True!

- They hit the ground at the same time. Each will be 16 feet below where it started after the first second, 64 feet farther after the second second, and so on.
- The ball would be too heavy to carry; it would weigh more than 400 pounds.
- No measurable difference.
- About 352,000,000 miles high.
- No; exhaust enough of the air around the pot and the boiling point will reach the freezing point.

A Carnegie Hall in Every Town

by DONALD NUGENT

No village is too remote for the world-famous artists who are now bringing the delights of great music to Main Street

A BLIZZARD WAS heaping snow in huge drifts before the Latchis Theater in Brattleboro, Vermont. In the lobby, overshoes thumped as a frost-bitten crowd poured in. Soon the movie house filled to the last seat, for this was a real occasion, full of sparkle and anticipation.

A violinist in white tie and tails walked briskly across the stage, followed by his accompanist. There was a burst of applause, a moment of hush, and then the violin spoke with the authority of a fine Guarnerius. Albert Spalding had begun his program for Brattleboro just as he had in New York's Carnegie Hall a few nights before.

After the program, there was encore after encore until it was announced that Spalding must drive 70 miles through the blizzard to catch a train that would take him to his next concert. Only then did the audience disperse; and as they left they were enthusiastically discussing other concerts they had heard or soon would hear in their own and neighboring towns.

The musical event was not without precedent; it was Brattleboro's second concert in a series of three for the season. Nor is the Vermont town exceptional; it is only one of some 800 communities in the U.S. and Canada that have been organized for the purpose of bringing Carnegie Hall to Main Street.

American towns have always had the potential for musical enjoyment, but before the organized-audience plan, the problem of expense was almost insuperable. Concerts were in the hands of local impresarios and they had to present a world-famous artist or meet a public apathy that would hardly pay a lesser-known artist's railroad fare. Even if a fabulous name were offered, a night of inclement weather could bring disaster.

That was what happened to the Milwaukee impresario, Marian Andrews. She booked the violinist, Fritz Kreisler, for a tour of Wisconsin towns. For two weeks Miss Andrews and Kreisler toured the state while a blizzard raged and the thermometer fell to 20 below. The great Kreisler played to nearly empty houses. Such failures were so common that it seemed great music could not support itself outside a big city.

But Ward French, now president of Community Concert Service, knew better. As a quartet singer he had toured the country under the canvas top of Chautauqua and knew that music held an important place in the hearts of every audience. Concerts would succeed, he felt, if the listener were given what he wanted and if the specter of deficit could be banished.

When French became a booker

for the Redpath Chautauqua Bureau, one of his first towns became a significant experiment. The Chautauqua manager customarily secured a guarantee of \$700 from an affluent citizen before bringing the show to town. But as this was becoming difficult, French toured the surrounding farm area and secured 70 guarantees of \$10 from as many farmers. It was haying season and many farmers would not stop to talk, so French ran alongside the reaper to explain his scheme. When all other arguments failed, the cultural value to the farmer's children broke down resistance.

Chautauqua continued to decline, however, and in 1920 Harry P. Harrison, president of Redpath, sought to bolster his fortunes by adding a concert management bureau with a string of celebrated artists. But his partner, Dema Harshbarger, hit an impasse in Battle Creek, Michigan. The local music club had a long history of deficits behind it, and therefore refused to tackle any more concerts.

Miss Harshbarger countered with a proposal for a full week's campaign. She would sell \$5 memberships and refuse single admissions to the concerts. With money in the treasury, the artists could be selected within the limits of that fund. Battle Creek finished the week with a total of 900 memberships.

When French heard about Battle Creek he dropped his Chautauqua

bookings and hurried to Chicago. What was needed was a service to operate between manager and audience, to run a membership campaign as in Battle Creek, to advise in the selection of programs and create demand for another series the following year.

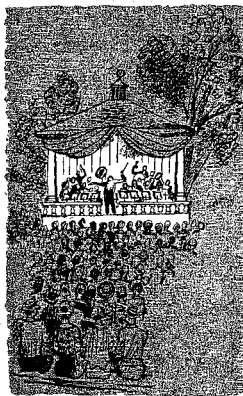
French and Miss Harshbarger formed a national service bureau, and he promptly took to the road. At his first stop—LaPorte, Indiana—the president of the local music club called a meeting of 75 citizens. French took the stage and propounded the wonders of his new plan. Soon imagination gripped him and he found himself telling of accomplishments in other cities. A voice from the audience said:

"What other cities?"

"Well, to tell the truth," stammered French, "there are no other cities. I want to try it out on the dog."

The audience laughed and agreed to be the dog. "How many members can we get?" someone asked. "Oh, about 500," French replied. LaPorte turned in 1,200 memberships at the end of the week.

Elkhart, Indiana, was next. Then Pontiac and Huron, Michigan. For the 1920-21 season, the organized-audience plan was an accomplished fact in 12 Indiana and Michigan communities. And by 1930 it had spread to more than 100 Midwestern towns. As the membership increased, more talented artists could be heard at no increased cost per member. Music



lovers in some towns found they could attend up to six concerts for \$5—a fraction of the cost prevailing in the big cities.

Other advantages were discovered. A membership taken in one town was accredited in any other town, if seating capacity permitted. A traveling salesman in Benton Harbor, Michigan, announced triumphantly that he had attended 22 concerts on his membership and figured he had his money's worth.

The New York managers who furnished concert artists began to see a new light. Ward French was brought to Manhattan to organize audiences for Columbia Concerts, Inc., as president of the Community Concert Service.

Today, Community's rival is Civic Concert Service, Inc., which operates the same plan. Between them they have organized some 800 music associations, extending from Halifax to Miami, from Providence to Tacoma. Every season they assemble audiences of more than 1,000,000, demonstrating that great concerts are not incompatible with a balanced budget. In reminding his organizers that there are 10,000,000 potential listeners in hundreds of other communities, French reveals his hope for the future of concert artists.

NO TOWN is too remote. BaieComeau, Quebec, population 1,900, hears some of music's great artists, even though each artist has to be brought in by plane or boat.

In 1944, a concert association was formed in a town with a population of only 247. Yet the auditorium seated 800 people and, stranger still, the hall was sold out

twice for two series of concerts. The artists were required to sign statements that they would not talk of anything they might see or hear in this town, and nobody talked until August, 1945, when the world learned that Richland, Washington, was an atomic boom town.

In the early days of Community Concerts, French and his few assistants picked communities at random. If a town looked attractive from the train, they hopped off at the station. It was then that Miss Flora Walker, now booking manager of Community Concerts, having finished organizing Elmira, N. Y., packed her bag and went to the station without the slightest notion of where to go next.

"Where to?" asked the agent.

"I don't know," said Miss Walker, "anywhere in upper New York State."

"What are you selling?"

"Music," said Miss Walker.

"Why not try Potsdam?" the helpful ticket man suggested. "That's a good town with a college."

So Flora brought Potsdam into the ranks of organized audiences with a budget of \$1,600, which since has grown to \$4,000 and a series of four concerts.

Budgets range from \$1,500 in smaller towns to \$17,000 in larger cities, with the average around \$4,000. Of course, for \$1,500 there is no Heifetz, Pons, Rubinstein or symphony orchestra, but there are scores of young artists, many of them on the threshold of fame. Organized audiences provided dates for these unknowns that could not be obtained any other way, thus helping to develop new careers.

The catching of stars on their

way up has become a fascinating pastime of committees with small budgets. In one lean year, Newport News, Virginia, booked an unknown baritone at an attractive price. He was Nelson Eddy.

Numerous artists whose names are household words today were at one time listed in the bookers' bargain basements. Among them are José Iturbi, Rose Bampton, Gladys Swarthout, Marian Anderson and Richard Crooks. Vladimir Horowitz, the Russian pianist, came to New York after years of playing in provincial European towns.

In New York an unseasoned performer approaches his crucial test, painfully conscious of the presence in the audience of critics and rival musicians. But a small-town hall contains no familiar faces or green eyes. The audience is there to enjoy itself. They want him to do well and he usually does.

Concertizing from Maine to California also exposes an artist to all the minor disasters that beset a trouper's life. The pianist, Robert Casadesus, arrived in Parkersburg, West Virginia, for a concert, only to find he had to play almost out of sight. The piano had been brought from Columbus, Ohio, but the movers' papers called for delivery to the auditorium—not for lifting it onto the stage. So Parkersburg listened to Casadesus playing from the pit—and liked it.

Rose Bampton was booked to sing in Charlottetown on Prince Edward Island, which involves a

ferry trip from the mainland. At Halifax, Miss Bampton chartered a plane, but it could carry only one passenger. A storm was brewing and by the time the pilot returned for her accompanist, it had closed in. Miss Bampton was stuck with no accompanist and no music. A veteran trouper, she found a pianist and they ransacked the local music store for songs to make a program. The recital that night in Trinity Church was a triumph of good will. Miss Bampton had to shake the hand of every member of the audience before they would leave.

The organized audiences of Main Street don't want to be "educated." They are not interested in music as a mental food or vehicle of the professor of music appreciation. They prefer music that soothes, relaxes and inspires, and they will go out of their way to hear it. To them, great music is great fun.

Perhaps that is why the General Plattoff Don Cossack Russian Chorus is one of the most popular attractions today. Their sonorous voices, coupled with dances and bright silk costumes, add up to a good show. While most artists consider 50 dates a good year's business, the Cossacks completed their last season with 143 performances.

Ultimately all available dates were sold except Christmas Eve. When a bid came to Community for a concert that night, the manager refused. "On Christmas Eve," he said, "I'm going to let the Cossacks do their laundry."

History records only one indispensable man—Adam. (*AL News Service*)

Don't Fall for the

Bad Cash-Check

The smart storekeeper insists on cash when dealing with customers he doesn't know

by WILLIAM LAW

ON A SATURDAY AFTERNOON in 1934, a neatly dressed man entered a shoestore in Shamokin, Pennsylvania, accompanied by a woman and small child. He wanted to buy the youngster a new pair of shoes. Affable and talkative, he preferred to wait until the proprietor could attend to him, as he expected to make his home in Shamokin and wanted to get acquainted.

While the shoes were being tried on, the pleasant customer and his wife told the proprietor how much they liked Shamokin—a nice town to settle down in after years of selling meat products all over the country. They had visited a cousin frequently in Shamokin: now they were taking a motor trip to New York to collect a small legacy left to the wife. And so on and so on, until the right shoes were ready.

As the customer started to take a bill from his wallet, his wife reminded him that he would need all his cash to get to New York. The head of the family was glad of the reminder. Possibly the storekeeper could cash a \$40 dividend check he had just received from a large

insurance company—in fact, from its Shamokin office? He had identification—a business card, wallet with his name on it, membership cards. Of course, if it was at all inconvenient . . .

On the contrary. The storekeeper had more money than he liked to keep over the week end. He glanced at the identification apologetically. Nice families, obviously of some means, didn't go around giving bad checks. The check was imposing looking, ostensibly issued by one of the largest insurance companies in the country. He cashed it, and the satisfied customers parted company from a satisfied storekeeper.

On Monday the bank reported that the check was bogus. The teller added that the suave and talkative gentleman had cashed similar checks, and six checks purportedly issued by a large packing company and mail-order house at other retail establishments.

Police were notified. So were the companies whose names were being used. The insurance company's head office received photostats of the checks and began a file which

grew bulky during the next few years. A week after the Shamokin incident, the same thing happened 50 miles away. None of the companies lost money, but the insurance firm didn't like to have its name used to defraud storekeepers. It notified police in neighboring states, even hired a detective agency.

All in vain. The operator jumped to New England, then to the Midwest. Week after week, with a few vacations, he defrauded retailers of \$200 to \$300. Ultimately he was picked up with a different woman and child while crossing from Canada, carrying a stock of blank checks and a small printing press.

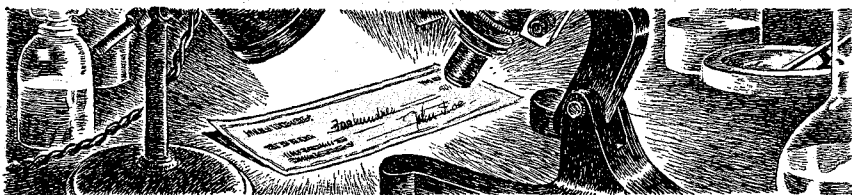
THIS STORY HAS BEEN told in detail because the operations were typical of a fairly skillful, small-time professional forger. The checks were always cashed on Saturday afternoons or evenings when the banks and local offices of the companies whose names were used were closed for the week end. The bait was always a purchase, with the added lure of more to come. The important thing was to instill confidence—the wife and child, the legacy in New York, the neat appearance, the ingratiating manner.

A few years ago the same insurance company began to get advice from large New York banks of the receipt from abroad of what pur-

ported to be its own drafts, payable at the banks for sums ranging from \$1,200 to \$2,500. They were imposing-looking pieces of paper, each bearing a release giving the number of the annuity contract and phrased in language like that used by the company. But the signatures were not those of company officers, nor did the drafts resemble the company's checks or drafts.

The New York banks notified their European agents, while the insurance company mailed photostats of the fake drafts to the International Police Office in Vienna. Within a few months the police picked up the forger in Vienna and he was convicted—but not until banks and hotels had been defrauded of thousands of dollars.

The operator was an Austrian who had spent some years in the U. S. and had taken out and later cashed in a small insurance policy. He returned to Vienna and set out on a forgery career. His method was to take an expensive suite at a Riviera hotel, introduce himself to the manager and tell a story of success in America and then retirement to Europe. He had put his money into the safest thing he knew of—annuities in a large insurance company. He was planning to buy a villa thereabouts, but meanwhile would occupy his luxurious suite. He requested an introduction to



a local banker and opened a substantial account. Then he began inspecting villas.

He kept his bank account active, and after a few days deposited the bogus draft. Soon he withdrew most of his funds, telling both the hotel and bank manager that he had to go to Paris. Then on to another resort town—and more easy money.

This crook's operations were basically similar to those of the Shamokin forger, with a more elaborate build-up. But a really big-time operator uses highly complicated methods. One of them rented four offices in Chicago, each with a different name on the door. Each opened a bank account, giving elaborately forged credentials. Accounts were kept active by cash deposits and by check-kiting. Each office had a manager who made it a point to get to know bank officers. Checks were sometimes drawn against uncollected funds, but were always paid. The head of the gang never appeared, but one of the managers operated under his name, impressing it on many people.

The plan was to deposit forged checks in each account the same day, withdraw nearly everything the day after, then decamp before the checks could clear. Fortunately a teller became suspicious and notified the police. They nabbed all

but the leader, who escaped.

In the cases cited so far, expert penmanship did not play a major role. In fact, professional forgers account for but a small part of the millions lost annually by the public through cashing fake checks. The great majority of losses result from cashing genuine checks bearing forged endorsements.

Of the hundreds of millions of government and corporation checks put into the mails, it is inevitable that some will get into the hands of crooks. Small-time thieves steal promising looking letters from apartment mail boxes, rooming houses and apartments where mail is dropped on the floor in front of doorways. Incorrectly addressed checks reach persons other than those for whom intended.

The petty thief often uses the same technique as the petty professional forger. He makes a small purchase at a neighborhood store; using other stolen mail for the identification. Too often a storekeeper is willing to cash a check issued by a large company, even for a small sale.

A large number of forgery claims may be called family cases, in which one member of a family forges the endorsement of another. Usually such cases are adjusted without loss to anyone, but if the persons involved become estranged, a formal claim may result. Sometimes a wife verbally authorizes her husband to cash a check. Later the two separate, and the wife conveniently forgets the transaction and files a forgery claim. No proof of authorization being available, the one who cashed the check is liable.

No complete statistics are avail-

William Law, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin and a veteran of World War I, is an executive of a large insurance company in New York. In addition to magazine articles on financial subjects, he has written two books, *Successful Speculation in Common Stock* and *Plan Your Own Security*, both published by Whittlesey House.

able on the millions lost annually through forgeries—they have been estimated at close to \$10,000,000—as claims are usually made by the companies or individuals directly to their insurance companies. But while insurance companies and individuals suffer some of the loss, a major part of it ultimately comes out of the tills of neighborhood business establishments.

The U. S. Treasury Department has become aroused over the forgery situation, especially in connection with service men's allotments. In the fiscal year 1944-45 individual payments totaled 267,000,000, nearly 60,000,000 checks being issued by the Office of Dependency Benefits alone. The Secret Service of the U. S. Treasury has inaugurated a "Know Your Endorser" campaign, printing that advice on all checks and requesting commercial companies to follow suit.

Knowing the endorser, however, does not give complete protection. The only real assurance against loss is knowledge that the check has been issued by a responsible person or company, and has been endorsed by the payee—or all of them in the case of joint-order checks.

Checks drawn to individuals as administrators, executors, attorney-in-fact, or checks endorsed by persons in those capacities in behalf of payees, should be refused unless the cashier knows all the details involved. Above all, it should be remembered that an imposing-looking check is easy to print, and that a check issued by the U. S. Government or the soundest company in the world is worthless if the endorsement has been forged.

Some years ago, check-raising was a popular avocation with expert penmen. It has passed out of fashion because these gentlemen have learned that it is easier to execute a bogus check than to raise a good one. Similarly, counterfeit money has shrunk to negligible proportions, largely as a result of the Treasury Department's "Know Your Money" campaign.

Losses from worthless checks, however, are much greater than those which once arose out of check-raising and counterfeiting combined. And they will continue to increase unless people stop, look and think when they hear that tricky phrase: "I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to take a check."



Sign Language

Sign on department-store counter: "Extra-large bath towels—just the thing to wear when answering the phone."

—FRED RUSSELL in *I'll Go Quietly*

Sign in Santa Monica store: "Old furniture we buy—Antiques we sell."

—Quote

At a muddy crossroad corner: "Choose your rut carefully—you'll be in it for 20 miles."

—*Wall Street Journal*

One-Man MARRIAGE CLINIC

by ELIZABETH S. SCHOLL

By preparing young people for their new responsibilities, a wise Iowa clergyman is fighting the tragedy of broken homes

EIGHT YEARS AGO a gray-haired, English-born minister in the industrial town of Davenport, Iowa, decided after years of worry about the rising divorce rate that if homes, schools and community organizations failed to prepare young people adequately for marriage, the task must be undertaken by an inadequately prepared clergy.

Dr. Alfred Samuel Nickless, who was busy administering a Presbyterian parish of 1,800, had made no particular study of marital relationships. "I was just marrying young people," he recalls, "wishing them good luck and godspeed, then sending them off into their new lives."

Of the 40 to 60 couples married by Dr. Nickless each year, many came back within a few months to discuss marital difficulties or divorce. Marriages were disintegrating throughout the community. Homes were centers of maladjustment, seething with discontent.

A happily married father of two daughters and a son, Dr. Nickless

felt that a good marriage was the most important thing in life. The fault must lie, he reasoned, in the preparation for marriage. Though it meant neglecting other parish duties, Dr. Nickless decided that, henceforth, he would make certain the couples he married were well equipped for the responsibilities of marriage.

Dr. Nickless gathered in his office an up-to-date collection of books pertaining to the social, economic, psychological and physical aspects of marriage. He studied these books, relating his information to the problem of pre-marital education. Then he consulted psychiatrists, medical men, neurologists and nurses, augmenting his book-gained knowledge with their practical experience.

Aware of his own inadequate preparation, Dr. Nickless nevertheless stuck to the course he had charted for himself. During the last eight years, while the Nickless pre-marital clinic has developed from an idea into a smoothly functioning asset to his parish and community, he has missed talking with only half a dozen of the couples he has married. To these half dozen, he has sent literature paralleling the course of his discussions, or as he prefers to call them, "sharing" periods.

The divorce rate among young people married by Nickless has declined sharply. As word of his work spread, the slight, gray-eyed pastor has received increasing numbers of lecture requests from clerical, educational and medical groups in various sections of the U. S. Army and Navy chaplains have consulted him about their own counseling services. The desk in his book-lined

study is covered with letters asking for marital advice.

Dr. Nickless counsels unity in the practiced religion of a home. Which church a young couple attends makes little difference to him. It is only important that they do not allow themselves to be separated by creed. Love and marriage, he believes, are above any religious dogma.

"You must give, together," he tells them, "the things that pertain to God—the beautiful in music, the loveliest in nature, the finest in friendship. These things are as much a part of your religious life as churchgoing. Don't shut them out."

His talks touch on economic security, parents and in-laws, religion, personal and sex relationships. Yet marriage goals set up in discussion are ideals, he cautions, and cannot be attained overnight. Attainment requires time, patience and effort, but will be well rewarded through establishment of a harmonious and happy home.

Divorce judges say that more marriages are broken up by physical maladjustment than by any other cause. "Don't let that happen to you," Dr. Nickless warns. "We have dragged sex down by relating it to the streets. Intrinsicly, it is fine and good."

Discussing birth control, Dr. Nickless speaks only as a layman, but makes available lists of medical men from whom the bride and groom may choose a qualified con-

sultant. "I feel that knowledge of birth control is important to you," he tells the groom, "in order that your bride may be protected, and that your children may be strengthened and safeguarded through your understanding the approved methods for spacing their births."

Happiness, Dr. Nickless tells his couples, is a by-product. He cannot hand it out at the altar in a tiny white-ribboned box. Marriage is not a short cut to the creation of happiness. Its attainment depends on the fulfillment in marriage of certain established principles leading to happiness.

Mutual comradeship and sharing, he insists, are essential. There is no place in marriage for that dominance which leads to sullen acceptance and eventual rebellion. Tempests, he warns, will arrive in any marriage, and without them life would be dull. Running to the divorce court at the first misunderstanding—or even at the first dozen—is foolish and unwise.

Dr. Nickless speaks plainly to the bride. Her responsibility towards her husband does not end with cooking meals and running a home. She must give him mental and social companionship as well. To do that it is necessary to keep abreast of the happenings in today's world.

"If you want a successful marriage," he warns, "develop common interests. Retain your own individuality, but arrange to spend at least



half of your leisure hours together.”

Children, he feels, are important to any marriage. If a couple cannot have children of their own, they should adopt as many as they can rear successfully, remembering that, as parents, they should direct the lives of children, not rule them.

Dr. Nickless talks seriously of economic security, giving each couple a sample budget from which they may work out their own standard of expenditure. But he adds: “Remember, a budget is a guide, not a creed. Use it for your own economic protection, but don’t let it master you.”

Each couple also receives a small white volume entitled *Harmony in Marriage*, with Dr. Nickless’ advice that they read it together and make it part of their lives. Written by Dr. Leland F. Wood, secretary of the committee on marriage and the home of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, and by Dr. Robert L. Dickinson, secretary of the National Committee on Maternal Health, the book covers what marriage means, how a home can succeed, how money can help or hinder, physical harmony, meeting differences constructively, parenthood, and pathways to spiritual harmony.

A short time ago a couple came to Dr. Nickless’ study. The groom was a New York neurologist.

“I feel,” Dr. Nickless told him, “that you can be of more help to me than I to you. Will you tell me, frankly and appraisingly, what benefits you get from this talk?”

When the discussion was over, the neurologist replied: “If every young couple would follow your suggestions, they would be safe not only from divorce but also from many potential neuroses.”

Dr. Nickless advocates training in honest, down-to-earth labor for every ministerial candidate, so that he may experience the problems of working men and women. He advocates a consolidation of religious faiths which will permit each community one church as a city center, staffed by competent clergymen, educational, medical, psychiatric and social workers.

But above all, Alfred Nickless hopes for the day when the rapidly increasing interest in preparing young people for marriage will evolve into a world-wide program. Only by careful and thoughtful training, he says, can our youth be prepared to handle successfully the solemn obligations that modern marriage entails.



From Humble Beginnings

THIS INNOCENT-SOUNDING classified ad in the Chicago *Daily News*, 1887, made news: “Wanted. Watchmaker with references, who can furnish tools. State age, experience and salary required.”

The man who placed the ad was Richard W. Sears. It was answered by Alvah C. Roebuck. Out of it came the largest mail-order enterprise of them all—Sears, Roebuck & Company.

—Dart



Gallery of Photographs

Contributors to this issue:

James C. Pratt (Title Page)

James C. Pratt

James C. Pratt

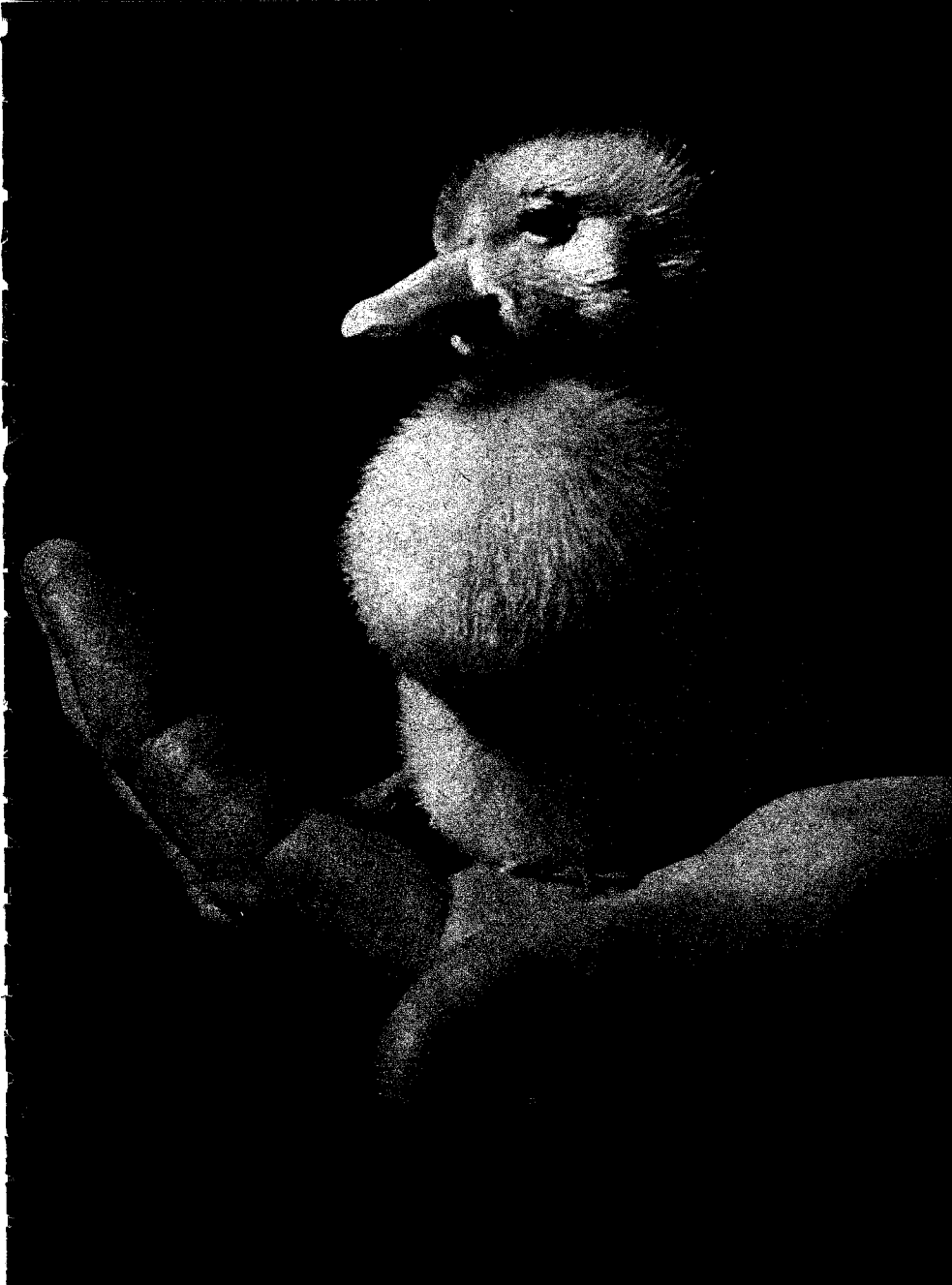
James C. Pratt

Give Us This Day

Lalzo, Vaud, Switzerland

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Arlene Ragsdale; Los Angeles, Calif.

Dry Dock

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Memories in the Snow

Nikolaus Schwarz; Bratislava, Czech.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John R. Hogan; Philadelphia, Pa.

Over the Bounding Main

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



My Meg

Axel Bahnsen; Yellow Springs, Ohio

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bernard G. Silberstein; Cincinnati, Ohio

Free Ride

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dawn's Early Light

Charles Phelps Cushing; New York, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONE WAY TO FORGET YOUR HOSPITAL BILLS

Thanks to hospital insurance, millions have been freed from worry about sickness

by GRETTA PALMER

"I HAVE TO GO to a London hospital for a nose operation," an American visiting in England recently wrote his wife. "Have the bank forward extra funds, because our hospital insurance can hardly be expected to follow me all the way to Europe."

But it did follow him. When the traveler's wife called the New York offices of the Blue Cross, they told her to have her husband forward the London medical bill. Most of it would be paid. No trouble at all, they assured her.

World-wide coverage of hospital costs for traveling Americans is only one of the post-war selling points of the Blue Cross insurance plans, which have been set up to protect middle-income families from the financial shock that sickness brings. So far, the international dealings have not really hit their stride: civilian Americans have done little traveling the past few years. But many Latin-American hospital bills have been underwritten. And a New Yorker, released from a Japanese prison camp, returned home to find a check covering a pre-war

hospital bill incurred in Shanghai.

Since 1929, the group-hospital insurance idea has snowballed to the point where \$440,000,000 has been paid out to the 3,500 Blue Cross-accredited hospitals and hospitals throughout the world. Through non-profit, local Blue Cross plans in 86 cities, group hospital insurance is accessible to 97 per cent of the American people at a few dollars a month. Each week, 35,000 new members are joining the more than 24,000,000 Americans who have already adopted the idea that the time to pay for sickness is when you are feeling healthy and fit.

The Blue Cross plan is a resounding success from the viewpoint of the groups most intimately involved. A hospital manager says: "Many of our small hospitals could never have pulled through the Depression if it hadn't been for those Blue Cross checks arriving every month."

Doctors tend to agree with the one who wrote the Blue Cross Commission: "Uncollected bills used to keep me awake at nights. I needed

the money, but I often knew that the patient needed it too. Now a majority of my patients are insured and I don't have to dun anyone."

But what about the middle-income man and woman—the subscriber—who sends the bulk of the fan mail to the Blue Cross Commission, a coordinating bureau which keeps check on the member plans? One letter says: "I am an old man whom no insurance company would accept as a risk. But I am a member of a fraternal organization which took out a group-membership with the Blue Cross. That lets me in and I am grateful."

A young schoolteacher writes: "I'm off to Mexico for my vacation, thanks to you. The money the Blue Cross paid for my two illnesses last year would have eaten up my vacation bank account until 1949."

Recently a young woman entered the New York Blue Cross headquarters with her handbag open. "Whatever it costs," she said, "I want it." She belonged to no group but she was accepted as an individual member at \$72 a year to cover surgeons' and doctors' bills in the hospital. Then she was asked, "Why?"

"Julia, my friend, runs an elevator," she replied. "She has two children who are supported by her husband, a private in the Army. But yesterday her elderly father fell and broke his back, and she has to pay the hospital bills, somehow, out of what she earns. It made me think. A thing like that could happen to anybody."

It is because accidents and illnesses *can* happen to anyone—but *don't* happen to everyone at the same time—that the Blue Cross is

able to stay in business. Their plans can cover, for group protection, men and women whom no insurance company would accept, for experience shows that in any unselected group of persons, the healthy outnumber the sick by a comfortable margin. Hence most Blue Cross plans will accept any already-associated group of five persons or more—employees of a firm or members of a lodge, residents of a city block or people whose names appear on page 10 of the telephone book—if an adequate percentage can be induced to join, provided the group is not organized for the sole purpose of joining Blue Cross. The Blue Cross further guards itself against underwriting too many hopeless invalids by placing a limitation in most cities of 21 days in the hospital. After that period, the patient must pay part of the costs himself.

NO ONE HAS EVER denied that hospital insurance would be a boon to families in the under-\$5,000-a-year bracket. The curious thing is that it took so long for anyone to do anything about it, and that when action *was* taken, it was taken by a group which had no connection with medicine or hospitals or insurance companies. This is one service which the clients themselves organized.

The Blue Cross began casually when a group of farsighted teachers in Baylor, Texas, persuaded their local hospital to let them pay \$3 each semester in return for 21 days of hospital care for any who might need it. Soon, some 1,500 Texas teachers had signed up for the plan.

Then other groups began saying,

"Why can't we join too?" Before long, 20,000 Texans were paying Baylor Hospital for future care. Out-of-town hospital managers became interested: New Orleans, Memphis, and Louisville soon had local groups.

But there were still flaws in the system; individual hospitals were signing clients, without a cooperative over-all agreement. When the idea spread to New Jersey, under the guidance of Frank Van Dyk, now national enrollment director, doctors and hospital experts eliminated the competitive angle and the idea began really to function. A little later, in 1933, the Blue Cross emblem first appeared when the St. Paul, Minnesota, group joined. Two years later the American Hospital Association endorsed the program and set up standards.

Since then, other cities have been organized according to a pattern which varies only in detail. Civic leaders, doctors, hospital managers, employers and labor leaders get together to discuss opening a Blue Cross Chapter in their town. They devise a plan and raise capital. They adjust the rates in accordance with local hospital costs. Then they apply to the Blue Cross Commission of the A.H.A. for right to use the emblem.

The commission wants to know certain facts: can the patient make his own choice of doctor and hospital? No. Then the plan is not acceptable, for no socialized medicine is permitted in the Blue Cross.

Is the plan non-profit? Good. Otherwise it could not use the emblem. Will its sponsors permit all who join to insure their families, too, at slight additional cost? Fine.

That is a definite requirement. Are cash reserves sufficient? Are members accepted without a medical examination? If the sponsors can answer these and similar questions satisfactorily, a charter is granted and another Blue Cross chapter opens for business.

Usually, the first clients are large employers, who may pay all subscription charges for their staff as a good-will gesture or merely offer employees the opportunity to join. In most cases, the service is soon expanded to other groups in the community; sometimes individuals may be permitted to join provided they are under 65 and have no chronic disease. In some cities, insurance for doctors' bills is also offered, but no city has yet undertaken to pay dentists or optometrists.

Today, more than 400,000 employers have brought the Blue Cross into their companies. Fremont, Ohio, a town of 15,000, has a 91 per cent enrollment. Rochester, New York, is a city with 70 per cent enrollment. Rockford, Illinois, has 80 per cent. More than half the residents of Cleveland and Minneapolis belong. Fremont shares the record on this Continent with a town with the engaging name of Flin-Flon in Manitoba, Canada: 91 per cent of its population is also covered.

What kinds of people join the Blue Cross? All kinds. There are millionaire subscribers, and subscribers who receive charity. But the backbone of the Blue Cross is the backbone of the nation—the families whose incomes are more than \$1,800 but do not exceed \$5,000. In some cities, certain types of medical coverage are available

only to those with incomes under \$5,000.

An indication of the general level of prosperity is offered by New York City Blue Cross records, which show the 57 per cent of clients go to semi-private rooms, 21 per cent to private rooms, 14 per cent to wards. The remaining 8 per cent are given emergency care but do not require hospitalization. Subscribers who enjoy the luxury of a private room pay extra, for most Blue Cross plans provide only semi-private care.

Virtually the entire cost of ward or semi-private accommodations is covered by the Blue Cross. Many patients, after three weeks in the hospital, receive only a trifling bill for phone calls. One subscriber wrote to headquarters: "My wife had to have a stomach operation, I had to have my appendix removed, and our son's tonsils were taken out, all within three months. If it hadn't been for the Blue Cross, I'd be paying off debts for the next three years. As it is, the whole thing cost just \$13 for taxi fare and incidentals."

IS HOSPITAL INSURANCE purely an urban affair? No, although for a while no one could figure a way to help farm families. Finally, Blue Cross organizers entered into an agreement with the Farm Security Administration, under which an estimated 1,000,000 rural families are now covered. FSA helps by signing up subscribers, collecting their dues and sometimes paying subscription costs, as a form of farm relief.

But for the most part the Blue Cross operates in cities and towns, where the costs are surprisingly low.

Although New York is the nation's most expensive city, hospital insurance there is only \$24 a year, the average for the country as a whole!

New York's Blue Cross is the bellwether. It paid \$12,000,000 to hospitals in 1945, and cared for 1,500 different maladies. And it is through the efforts of New York's Blue Cross that the plan has been extended in many directions. Here, for instance, bill insurance began with the United Medical Service, Inc., available to Blue Cross subscribers for an added \$2.36 a month to cover all doctors' and surgeons' bills incurred during a hospital stay.

New York has another wrinkle: the client whose total family income is less than \$2,500 a year can, for another \$4 a month, protect himself against all doctor's home calls or office visits. Again, the whole family's sicknesses are underwritten, from baby's colic to grandmother's rheumatism. If the income is more than \$2,500, the patient may have to pay part of the fee himself.

The first client of the New York Blue Cross was Fannie Hurst, the novelist. Since she took the plunge, almost 3,000,000 others have joined. The Blue Cross in this one city has paid \$80,000,000 to hospitals and has helped pay for 193,000 babies' births.

The baby problem is one over which the Blue Cross founders still shudder. In 1939, when the New York chapter had already signed 1,000,000 members through employee groups, philanthropic board members thought it was too bad that individuals, who might be self-employed, could not also join. In a mood of benevolence, the Blue Cross offered hospital insurance to

all healthy comers without requiring that they be members of an employed group.

The result was what a cynical judge of human nature might have anticipated: young married women, bursting with health, joined the plan in droves. Some nine months later the hospital bills for 21 full days of maternity care arrived—also in droves. Hence today, the Blue Cross provides maternity care only for women whose husbands have insured the family as a whole through their place of employment, and who have been paid-up members for at least ten months. (The waiting period is waived for large groups with enrollments of more than 75 per cent.) And the mother whose condition is normal can loiter around the hospital for only 10 days, with her allowance limited to \$6 a day.

The maternity rackets make amusing anecdotes now; but they were a catastrophe in 1939. The New York Blue Cross did not have enough money to stay in business after it had paid all the obstetrical bills, and it had to appeal to the New York Insurance Commission. The Head of the commission, Louis H. Pink, became interested. With his help a Manhattan bank was induced to advance a loan so that the group could reorganize. And later, Pink became the president of New York's Blue Cross.

For some reason, insurance against doctors' bills is not too popular; only 350,000 New Yorkers have taken this service, compared to the 3,000,000 insured for hospital care. And only a minority of subscribers have enrolled in the over-all plan, by which for \$72 per fami-

ly per year, they can have *everything* insured: hospital costs, doctors' and surgeons' bills at the hospital, doctors' office and home-calls bills.

This is a curious situation, as illustrated by the case of Martha, a receptionist in a large corporation. Along with other girls in her department, she joined the Blue Cross four years ago. But when offered extra coverage for doctors' bills, she shook her head. "I'll take a chance on those," she said.

A few months ago Martha was rushed to the hospital for an operation. She was glad to know her 21 days of hospitalization were paid for, but she still had to reckon with the surgeon and his \$225 bill—a difficult sum to pay out of a \$38 weekly salary. Yet the situation had not, somehow, seemed real to her in advance.

There are hundreds of thousands like Martha, who seem to feel that hospital insurance is a fine thing but that medical insurance is a luxury. Some employers, who have paid block premiums for everyone in their employ, have drawn the same distinction. Hospitals scare people more than doctors' bills, although experts in the field have not yet discovered why.

Some employers, however, have gone the whole way. In 1945 the New York Blue Cross began to sell corporations blanket policies for employees, the charge being written off to company "good will." The first client was the Central Hanover Bank & Trust Company, which gave extended coverage to 2,300 employees. Soon, concerns followed the lead, including J. P. Morgan & Company. But if a Morgan partner chooses a specialist who

charges \$2,000 for an appendectomy, he must make up the difference himself. The Blue Cross limit on operations is \$225 a sum acceptable to most surgeons for people in the lower income groups.

Doctors generally are pleased with the way the Blue Cross works: the American Medical Association has officially urged that the program be extended to cover the 90 per cent of our population estimated to be insurable under one plan or another. Doctors are paid more promptly by the Blue Cross than by the average patient; and moreover, the physician whose tenderness of heart might cause him to reduce a bill for a patient who couldn't afford full rates can, if the patient is insured, charge the proper sum without misgiving.

Physicians have been prominent in forming Blue Cross chapters in most cities, yet they have avoided any form of "socialized medicine." The system is easily arranged; doctors willing to cooperate agree to accept the Blue Cross scale of payments for care of subscribers. Since the medical list usually includes most of the recognized doctors in a community, the patient has no trouble in choosing a physician.

WILL THE PLANS continue to prosper, now that wartime tax laws have been changed and employers can no longer charge off so much of the premium to taxes? Yes, say Blue Cross enthusiasts: employers

have found that the man with sickness-insurance is less often absent from work. He is not afraid to "give in" to his trivial ailments when a few days' care can cure them. In this way he—and his employer—avoid the extended and expensive illnesses responsible for much absenteeism.

As for Blue Cross clients who pay their own insurance, either individually or in groups, the letters that arrive every week at headquarters tell the story:

"Lightning *does* strike twice," writes a man in Idaho. "I have had to have two operations in my family in one month. Without the Blue Cross, I'd have been worried to the verge of suicide."

From an old client: "I had paid premiums for nine years without ever entering a hospital and was seriously considering dropping my insurance to economize. But fortunately, before I did so, I was told I'd have to undergo an operation. I'll never consider dropping my insurance as long as I live."

The Blue Cross is one of the major sociological developments of the past ten years in America. Because of it, a good many million American families know that their economic security and peace of mind have undergone a great change since a few bright school-teachers in Texas decided that something ought to be done about hospital costs—and then went bravely ahead and did it.



The reason a dog has so many friends is that he wags his tail instead of his tongue.

—Fort Snelling Bulletin

When He Says “Rain,” It Rains

by JACK STENBUCK



The smart New Englander knows better than to doubt the uncanny predictions of radio's fabulous weather forecaster

THE ADAGE THAT “everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it” may still apply to some places, but in New England, when E. B. Rideout talks about the weather, restaurants change menus, bakeries and ice-cream manufacturers decide on the day's output, coal companies revise deliveries, highway departments go into action, and just about everyone else pays attention and charts his own course accordingly.

On Cape Cod they flood cran-

berry bogs, on Martha's Vineyard they cut ice, in Gloucester they start fishing trips, in Marblehead they run yacht races, in Boston they put on extra beach busses and, throughout the eastern portion of New England, municipal officials get out snowplows and the public puts on galoshes when Rideout tells them to.

For 21 years, as radio's first commercial meteorologist, Rideout has been talking about the weather and making uncanny forecasts over Boston's WEEI. A former printer self-educated in weather whims, Rideout broadcasts at ungodly hours—6:45 A.M., 7:55 A.M. and 11:10 P.M. Yet his colorless mono-

tone and Yankee twang are almost as well known to New England radio fans as Charlie McCarthy's chuckle. WEEI claims for his 19 regular broadcasts each week an average audience of 1,500,000.

In addition, the Rideout Weather Service, which he runs on the side, serves 15 clients, ranging from cab companies to dairies, public works departments and the Boston Elevated, all of which receive his predictions by phone. If Rideout says its going to be hot, Thompson's Spä stocks up on salads; if it's going to be cool, the chef prepares chowders and soups.

On Sunday evenings, he augments his regular six-day schedule with a special long-range forecast for the coming week. Even that, however, is nothing compared to the way he sticks his neck out with predictions 18 months in advance. Each January, he issues a weather calendar for the ensuing year on which work has begun as early as the previous June. Some 10,000 fans buy them at 60 cents each, then shake their heads in wonderment when his predictions consistently come to pass.

IN HIS STUDIO in downtown Boston, Rideout sits surrounded by modern weather-bureau equipment, including a short-wave radio over which he gets the official coded weather dispatches from as far south as Trinidad and as far north as the Arctic Circle. To them he adds information obtained from public-utility companies and other private sources. For long-range forecasting he depends on a formula of his own, which involves planetary conjunctions and opposi-

tions—a study of the relative position of the earth to the other planets.

"Weather-bureau and other experts don't believe in it," he admits, "but if the moon affects the tides, why should it be far-fetched to believe that planets affect the earth's weather?"

Rideout fans, however, are not so much concerned with his system as with his phenomenal results. In July, 1943, Rideout, preparing his calendar for the coming year, predicted that northeasterly rains would start during the third week of June, 1944, continue for four days, then give way to clear skies. When that period rolled around, New England was experiencing near-drought conditions which had lasted for 40 days. Everyone, including the official weather man, was expecting more of the same—everyone, that is, except those with the Rideout calendar. On June 19, northeasterly rains set in and continued for exactly four days.

The devastating hurricane which roared through New England on September 21, 1938, was another Rideout prediction. Normally conservative and a master of understatement, he was on the air at 7:55 A. M., hours before newspapers were printing a warning, to report: "There is likely to be a dangerous blow in Boston and vicinity." For him, that was strong language. Radio listeners expected the worst, for they had never heard him use the word "dangerous" before.

Just last June, when a news service asked him to predict the weather for the vacation season, Rideout came up with the announcement that July would be ideal as a vaca-

tion month, but that August would be wet. That's how it was. In August, rain in the territory totaled 7.23 inches for the first 25 days, breaking a 61-year record for the month.

At times, just three broadcasts have been enough to swamp him with as many as 1,000 letters. Often he is besieged with hundreds of phone calls. He answers them all cheerfully, but frequently complains: "Why do so many people blame me for bad weather? They hang up in disgust as though I actually had something to do with bringing it on."

There is no limit to the questions fired at him. Listeners call or write, asking that he settle a bet about the weather 25 years ago, seeking advice about carrying an umbrella, inquiring whether it is safe to plan a Sunday outing, or wanting to know where to go to get rid of asthma. One girl recently wrote that she had a date with a Marine for the week end. "Shall I plan something outdoors, or shall we stay close to home?"

On another occasion a young mountaineer called to announce that he was planning to climb Mt. Washington the following day. Rideout warned that a cold wave and gales were sweeping down from Canada. The youth turned to a companion, repeated Rideout's warning and said, "But I'm going anyway." Two days later newspapers told how the young man had lost his life in the storm.

An instance of Rideout's perfect timing occurred in connection with the cutting of ice on Martha's Vineyard. Following a cold spell the island natives phoned to ask when

they might start cutting, with assurance that the ice had reached maximum thickness for the season. Every quarter-inch was important. Rideout promised to phone back at just the right moment. A few nights later he put the call through at 10:30 o'clock.

"Get ready to cut in the morning," he advised. "You'll have just enough time to get the ice in before a thaw."

The islanders began at 4 A.M. The thaw set in on schedule, and for the balance of the winter the weather remained unusually warm. With Rideout's help, the ice harvest was that season the best that could be obtained.

RIDEOUT LIKES to explain that his entrance into radio was an accident rather than fulfillment of ambition. Even as a child he had been interested in the weather, but only as a hobby. Working as a printer in his youth, he spent his lunch hours at the Government weather bureau, and prides himself on the fact that from 1908 to 1918, he never missed a day. During World War I, he took a six-month job with the bureau as assistant observer, the only professional training he has ever had.

In 1925, when radio was still in swaddling clothes, he began pondering the relationship of weather to static interference. The manager of WEEI showed interest in the idea, then asked Rideout to give two radio talks on the subject.

It wasn't what Rideout had anticipated, but he agreed, and in order to fill out his 10 minutes on the air included a description of a thunderstorm. The response was a

surprise: letters poured in. As a result, Rideout was asked to continue with one free radio talk a week. Soon the program became so popular it was sold on a commercial basis, and Rideout changed his pattern to include general weather information.

Today, at 58, Rideout's schedule is one of the most exacting in radio. Six days a week he gets up at 4:45 A.M., leaves home at exactly 5:25, and reaches the station at 6. For 45 minutes he checks his instruments, gets reports from various stations, then makes out his map for his first broadcast. No sooner is he through with his first session on the air than he starts preparing a revised map for his 7:55 broadcast. By 4 P.M., he goes home, but at 9:30 is back at the station, busy with new data for his final broadcast of the day.

On stormy nights he stays at the station. At first he caught a few winks at his desk. Then he mentioned wistfully that it would be wonderful to have a cot in the

office. Obliging, the station built one in the wall and now Rideout is as happy as a youngster with a new toy.

Last summer, when he sent copy for his 1947 calendar to the printer, he predicted a rough December for New England. But January and February, he said, would be comparatively mild, with lighter snowfall than normal.

On a recent shopping trip downtown, Mrs. Rideout stepped into an elevator with two girls. Though the sun was shining one of them carried an umbrella.

"Why are you lugging that thing around?" her companion asked.

"That Rideout!" she replied in disgust. "If I had him here, I'd wring his neck! He predicted rain on his morning broadcast."

Mrs. Rideout smiled, but left the store and started home. If her husband had predicted rain, she had no doubt it would come. Sure enough, as she reached home, it came down in buckets.



Have You Forgotten Someone?

During the rush and excitement of the Christmas Season, it's easy to overlook a friend's name on your gift list . . .

. . . so, for your convenience, Coronet is extending the deadline on its reduced Christmas Gift Rates from December 31 to midnight, January 15.

Until midnight, January 15, these money-saving rates are still good:

- \$2.75 for the first 1-year subscription
- \$2.25 for each additional 1-year subscription

To order quickly and easily a last-minute gift that will please not just at Christmas, but each month throughout the year, just use the handy postage-paid reply card you'll find inserted in the back of this issue.

The future holds no terrors for a wide-awake city in New York State whose blueprint for security is a community affair

Elmira is Preparing NOW for TOMORROW

LIKE AN ICEBERG, 80 per cent of Elmira, New York—the part that gives it stability and importance—is under the surface. “Typical” is the word you think of as you drive in past the welcoming Rotary sign, make a couple of turns through the business section, pass the Y.M.C.A. and Association of Commerce, pass the big board listing the number of servicemen and women from the county, then out into the country again. And as far as outward appearance and basic assets go, this pleasant up-state New York community of 47,000 is just that—“a typical small industrial city.” Otherwise, the quick description is gross libel.

How many other towns of Elmira’s size planned and brought about an 80 per cent increase in industrial employment in the five peacetime years before 1940? How many expanded industrial employment 96 per cent above their 1940 figures during the war? How many can now affirm that they will hold at



by ARTHUR A.
BRANSCOMBE

least 82 per cent of their wartime peak employment over into post-war years? Lastly, how many have un-

dergone this strenuous growth with virtually no labor strikes?

That is only the statistical story. More important is the fact that in the last 12 years Elmira has raised itself from deepest insecurity and dependency on heavy industry to a broadly-based security reasonably independent of the rest of the country’s economic system. Yet Elmira’s achievements are due neither to spectacular assets nor to spectacular leadership. What Elmira has, a hundred other cities have, in varying degree. What it has done, they too can do, as well or better, if they wish.

The Idea, of course, is well-known and simple: security is obtained by diversification of a city’s economy, particularly by bringing

in small industries. What is valuable in Elmira's story is how The Idea was put into practice—and how it has worked out.

THE ROAD BACK for Elmira began in 1934. In that year The Idea was relatively new, and obscured by other ideas. The blue eagle of NRA was flying high in the town's shop windows and factories, as it was across the whole country. Elsewhere around town the reigning ideas were symbolized in initials: WPA, PWA, FERA, AAA—all the signs of government-sponsored experimentation. Signs of returning prosperity, however, were definitely scarcer.

The town had assets as an industrial location, but few were in use. It had a good location, sitting astride four railroads, and an admirable supply of skilled labor.

Although almost any town could point to a plentiful labor supply in those days, Elmira's was really skilled, for it had always been a heavy-industry town. Heavy industry, however, was in the doldrums, and Elmira's industrial core was largely made up of plants which not only slumped when heavy industry did—as suppliers they were inclined to slump first.

People had been drifting out of Elmira since 1930, hundreds of them: first the workers in marginal jobs, then more and more highly skilled people who would constitute the town's main attraction for reviving industry. At this point, in a hot July, new leadership turned up from the business community. A few men talked over The Idea of diversifying the town's economy. Thus was born the unique, non-

profit Elmira Industries, Inc., almost certainly the best investment the townspeople ever made.

First, it had plenty of money. Other cities had industry-seeking organizations but most admitted a fatal weakness: when they ran across a deal which required money they had to hold it up while they went out and campaigned for cash.

Second, the business and professional men who organized the corporation made it a community venture, not just a businessmen's baby. There were good reasons for this: it brought in more money than business alone could spare in those impoverished days; it gave more people a concrete interest in relaying to the corporation new leads on businesses which might be brought to Elmira.

In any event the entire community of 60,000 came in—with a bang. In amounts from a dollar up, it backed its faith in the future of diversified industries to the tune of \$728,000. Then the directors of Elmira Industries—firm believers in the tradition that money talks—felt they had a loud enough voice to get results.

Topping the town's liability list was the old Willys-Overland automobile plant. After some swift bargaining Elmira Industries plunged \$315,000 of their fund into buying the big factory. Then they offered the plant, free, to Remington-Rand if it would locate part of its operations there. Thus in a few months Elmira became the home of what before the war was fondly called the world's largest typewriter factory. In 1940, some 5,700 people were employed there.

With the city's major white el-

elephant disposed of, plenty of money remaining, and a real coup behind it, Elmira Industries turned to its main purpose in life—small industries. Until the war halted activities the corporation brought in some ten small plants at a cost of about \$100,000. These were secured mostly through the proverbial grapevine. Businessmen with contacts around the country relayed tips to the corporation.

NO ONE HAS EVER made his work for Elmira Industries a full-time job, for it is run by business and professional men strictly as a side line. Since the war, Elmira Industries has been rejuvenated, with new personnel in driving positions. Only one change—or addition—has been made in the plan. Steel and coal strikes have placed renewed emphasis on plans for attracting “light industries close to the consumer.”

Hence, Elmira's economy, while still retaining the old core of heavy industry and its suppliers, now includes makers of products ranging from milk bottles to gliders. Even the old-line suppliers are seeking security through diversifying products. Many of them, too, are going into products which reach the individual consumer, preferably

things in the basic food-housing-clothing line.

Elmira is now confident that it can attract more of the smaller industries, simply because the results of the quest so far have made the city a far more attractive center for business. The original assets of location and communications still prevail. The labor supply now consists of war workers who swarmed in after 1941, most of whom are still crowding housing to the limit, plus several thousand returning GI's who never had jobs before they entered the service. The main point, however, is that becoming a city of small industries has made Elmira a city where personal relationships dominate.

The town's fine labor record is partly due to the fact that in small plants, most workers know their bosses—and vice versa. Perhaps as a by-product of this personal relationship, few of the racial and religious tensions found in other cities are visible here. In fact, except for “Slabtown” where the population is mostly Negro, Elmira's people have become homogeneous. Children of the original foreign-born population have moved out of localities where these elements once congregated. They've spread all over town, until now there is no such thing as a real slum.

Elmira's Negro workers have come out of the war with appreciably better jobs than they had. Employed almost entirely before the war in custodial and common labor capacities, they have graduated into semi-skilled positions, especially in the town's four foundries, and have held them through cutbacks since the war with much

First as a copy boy, then as a writer for the *Washington Post*, Arthur Branscome worked his way through George Washington University. In 1940 he joined Army public relations, and from 1943 to 1946 served as a weather observer for the Army Air Forces. Now a free-lance writer for national magazines, he claims the distinction of having lived in 40 of our 48 states.

less discrimination in layoffs than such workers have found elsewhere.

The personal touch is nowhere more evident than in the handling of returned servicemen. Federal, State, county and city agencies working with veterans are neatly tied together by a committee composed of the heads of the various offices. They know each other personally, and each agency makes a fetish of trying to handle *all* the problems of any one veteran. Where referrals are unavoidable, they are still personal.

"George Gillespie can best tell you about that."

"Sara Bisbee will fill out those forms for you."

This open, personal atmosphere is producing an interesting phenomenon in politics too. Where else has a Republican-controlled city administration ever considered reorganizing the town council and voting districts to give Democrats equal representation?

Republicans have controlled the town for 12 years, and now hold the mayoralty and all four council seats. The only papers in Elmira are Gannett-owned, so there is no Democratic medium of expression. Nevertheless, a year ago the *Star-Gazette* started advocating a six-man council, with voting districts relocated so that in all probability three councilmen would be Democratic. Both parties named committees to consider the proposal.

Such are the results of Elmira's quest for security and prosperity through diversification of small industry. No depression, its business leaders feel, will ever hit as hard as the last one: some portion of its industrial machinery will always be operating. Hence, if Elmira's idea should spread to other communities, America as a whole would be much better cushioned—economically, socially and politically—against any changes that may come in the foreseeable future.



Of Spice and Men

A woman never knows what kind of dress she doesn't want until she buys it.

The way to fight a woman is with your hat. Grab it and run!

—JOHN BARRYMORE

She was a shy, demure girl; you know—the kind you have to whistle at twice.

The average man is an irrational creature who's always looking for

home atmosphere in a hotel and hotel service at home.

The girl who thinks no man is good enough for her may be right, but she is more often left.

Everybody is able to give pleasure in some way. One person may do it by coming into a room, another by going out. —LADY MAUDE WARRENDER

They buried the hatchet, but in a shallow, well-marked grave.

—*The World's Cleverest Wisecracks* (Hart Publishing Co.)

How to Drive on ICE and Stay Alive

by JACK CLUETT

When winter comes, death is a constant menace to the motorist; here are some hints to protect you against disaster

IF YOU WANT to go to the left in this automobile, you turn the steering wheel to the right. When you wish to stop, you take your foot off the brake. In order to get to the top of that grade ahead, you don't press down on the accelerator—you ease up on it. As a matter of fact, the entire operation of this vehicle is almost completely the reverse of all you learned when you started driving.

Yet oddly enough, this car is not a new Detroit development, a circus clown's jalopy or a snafued contraption assembled by a dizzy mechanic. I'm talking about *your own car*—your Buick, Chevrolet, Plymouth, Ford or Cadillac. And if my instructions are too complicated, then you'd best play safe and lock your car up for the winter. Otherwise you may wake up in the hospital some cold evening with a steering wheel wrapped around your neck.

Next time you go into a chilly garage and warm up the family bus

for a frosty drive, remember that the winter months are the most dangerous driving period of the year. One out of every five fatal traffic accidents occurs on snowy, icy, muddy or wet road surfaces. Skidding accidents total more than 300,000 a year—which means that some 1,500 men, women and children are carried directly from snow-bound highways to the nearest morgue.

Looking at the casualty lists, my guess is that there's not one driver in a thousand who fully understands the art of negotiating ice, snow and sleet. I don't, and I've been at it for more than 30 years. I've known skillful drivers with 50,000 miles behind the wheel who have no more business driving a car in slippery weather than a 10-year-old child. In fact, the best summer drivers make the worst winter drivers because their driving habits, instincts and reactions are so thoroughly fixed that they cannot be changed at an instant's notice.

I once saw a veteran driver stuck in an icy gutter on level ground from which, with a little knowledge, he could have extricated himself in 15 seconds flat. But, like most creatures of habit, he gave her the gun, spun his rear wheels the equivalent of 50 m.p.h. for 20 minutes, then gave up in disgust and phoned for a tow car. The poor devil, who had come up from the South, was so used to having his car respond when he pushed the accelerator that he was unable to change a habit of 25 years' standing to meet a new situation.

Write the following rule on your mind in indelible ink, and it will keep you from getting nowhere fast

the next time you're stuck in ice, snow or slush. *If whatever you're doing doesn't get you out of your predicament immediately, stop doing it.* In other words, when the car doesn't respond to rear-wheel spinning, more of the same won't help.

In all icy conditions, easy does it. If your right rear wheel is pocketed in a depression or cup of ice, spinning will merely make the cup smoother and therefore harder to get out of. Nine times in ten, on level ground, the rocking technique will extricate you promptly. Timing and coordination are essential to this winter-driving tactic and at no time should the wheels be allowed to spin.

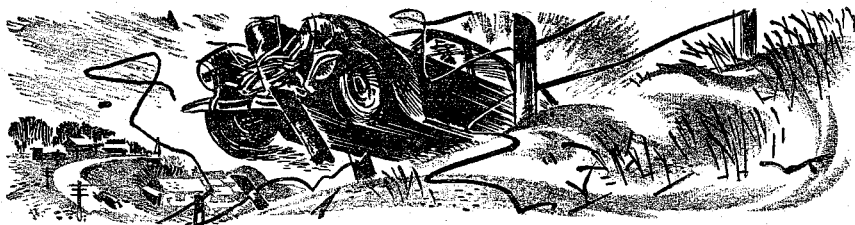
Suppose your right rear wheel is buried in a 10-inch snow trap—too deep to rock out of—and your left rear wheel is on dry pavement. Your first experience in this predicament may startle you if you're not an automotive engineer. The right rear wheel will spin while the left rear, where traction is desperately needed, remains stationary. How come? Well, the secret lies in the differential. Each of the rear wheels is mounted separately on its axle and connected to the drive shaft by a gear and pinion device which allows the motive power to flow to the wheel which offers the least resistance. In rounding a curve this would be the out-

side wheel, and in our present impasse it would be the wheel buried in the slippery snow.

If we could somehow transfer the motive power from the uselessly spinning right wheel to the left one, we would be out in a jiffy. If the car were on jacks we could accomplish this easily by firmly grabbing the right wheel. But that process would be a little dangerous as well as messy in our present position, so instead, we tighten the rear wheel brake-adjustment nuts (if we have a wrench and know where the nuts are) so that the wheel won't turn. Now all the power will be transferred to the left wheel, and the car will roll up and out easily.

Another help in an emergency is to let half the air out of the trapped tire. The lowered pressure will result in much more traction surface, increasing the tire's grip. But once out and away, don't drive far on the deflated tire. And still another aid is emergency or snap-on chains (not to be confused with the larger conventional type). They are excellent for getting out of ice and snow pockets, but are of no value in preventing skids on icy curves as there is too much bare tire between the all-too-few link sets.

Now let's see how you got into that ditch in the first place. Chances are you skidded there, and the reason you skidded brings up



Newton's Law of Motion which reads, "Anything moving tends to keep on moving and in a straight line." Now in dry summer weather you can pretty much forget Mr. Newton unless you're trying to set a speed record. But on snow or ice, without chains on all four wheels, you'd do well to memorize Sir Isaac's little truism before venturing forth.

Traveling on dry concrete at 40 m.p.h., the shortest distance in which you can stop after sensing danger is 124 feet. In the time it takes your eye to transmit the emergency to your brain and thence to your muscles— $\frac{5}{8}$ of a second is normal—you will have traveled 36 feet. After you apply your brake you will go an additional 88 feet before you come to a full stop, or a total of 124 feet. That's more than 11 car lengths.

On packed snow at the same speed you will travel 250 feet or about 23 car lengths before you can stop, and on glare ice, without chains, you will hurtle ahead for 716 feet. That's 40 yards longer than two football fields laid end to end. If there's the slightest curve in front, you may as well forget the brakes and pray for a fence because you are now a victim of Mr. Newton's inexorable Law of Motion which, in this case, will continue in force until you are on your beam ends over in that cornfield.

But let's assume you're a reasonably careful driver. You realize a dangerous ice condition exists and you've cut your speed to 25 m.p.h. Suddenly a left turn looms up unexpectedly. What do you do? The average driver will slam on his brakes and instinctively turn the

steering wheel to the left. This is the surest way to throw the car into a side skid, sending it spinning into a tree or telegraph pole.

No, you musn't do anything suddenly or violently. If the rear end starts to skid to the right, you must turn your wheel slightly to the right too, until enough traction has again been built up to allow you to gradually turn left around the curve. Conversely, if you start to skid to the left, you must turn your steering wheel in the direction of the skid, not away from it. Any braking action must be done as gingerly as though you were walking on eggs. Just the slightest pressure—then a little more until control has been re-established.

Remember, on ice, brakes turn rear wheels into a pair of uncontrollable toboggans. Even a sudden let-up on your accelerator is taboo, because the braking action of the engine itself will have the same diabolical effect as your foot brake. The very best insurance against skidding is slow, careful driving on chains on all four wheels.

Let me remind you that the work required to stop an object in motion increases as the *square* of its speed. Thus an auto traveling at 60 m.p.h. is *nine times* (3×3) as difficult to stop as one traveling at 20. If you find yourself rolling along at 60 this winter, you might remember that if you should suddenly strike an icy stretch and skid into a tree or stone wall, your impact force will be the same as if you had pushed your car over a cliff 120 feet high! A hearse will drive you away, not a tow car.

An icy hill seems to baffle more drivers than almost any other

driving condition. As they near the top and start to slow, they invariably shift into second and give her the gas from force of habit. This practice always ends in failure. First, make sure there are no cars already stuck on the hill. Second, get as long a running start as possible, even if you have to backtrack several hundred feet. Third, start in high and stay in high. As you approach the crest, gradually ease up on the accelerator so that the wheels won't quite reach the spinning point.

With patience and know-how, you can buck your way out of a level driveway covered with a foot of snow. It's the rocking technique on a larger scale. Gain a foot, then back up as far as you can and assault again. Each time you backtrack you'll have a longer assault run and therefore each successive spurt will be longer than the preceding one. Be sure, though, to stay in one set of tracks at all times—and don't spin those wheels!

Beware of fall and winter fogs—

not so much because of visual conditions, which are bad enough, as because of the ever-present threat of icy roads. As little as 50 feet in altitude or a slight shift in the wind can change the temperature from 33 to 32 degrees, or the difference between a wet concrete highway, which may be perfectly safe at 50 m.p.h., and an icy death trap which is dynamite at 25 m.p.h.

My advice to anyone living north of the 37th parallel of latitude is: always be prepared for winter driving. The longer you've driven a car the harder this task will be, because you first must forget almost everything that applies to summer driving. Then you must substitute a set of totally unnatural actions and reactions which make driving on ice, snow and sleet one of the most difficult maneuvers in present-day life. And even after you've mastered the ticklish technique, you'll still have to be ever alert for the many millions of car-owners who never have learned and never will learn the ABC's of winter driving.

Some Sensible Precautions

Keep windshield and windows clean. You must see danger to avoid it. If visibility is so poor as to make driving unsafe, stop and park clear of traffic lane and remain there until travel can be resumed in safety.

Slow down after sundown! Use lower headlight beam in snow, sleet, rain or fog. For out-of-town trips, include sufficient clothing for protection in case of becoming stalled. Blankets and a snow shovel would also be helpful in an emergency.

Give snow plows plenty of clearance. Don't crowd or follow them too closely. Flying snow often obscures view and a stalled or standing plow may mean danger.

Remember the dangers of carbon monoxide, and always provide some fresh air within the car or truck cab. Be alert to signs which indicate carbon monoxide, such as drowsiness and dizziness.

Heroines of the Switchboard

by SAM SHULSKY AND DON HASSELL

With her quick wit and devotion to duty, the gallant "Hello Girl" has saved many lives, sometimes at the cost of her own

AMERICA'S "HELLO GIRL," after 65 years of holding the nation's telephone lines together, is rapidly being supplanted by a maze of switches, circuits and magnets which open lines of communication to you without touch of human hand. The traditional and well-modulated "Number, please?" is passing from the scene—giving way to the high-pitched hum of the dial system. Yet paradoxically, the tremendous growth of American telephone traffic has resulted in the need for more girl operators today than before the dial was perfected.

The "Hello Girl" will continue to take over personally when you dial a wrong number or pick up the phone in time of emergency. She will speed your urgent calls through with the same efficiency and understanding on which girl operators of the past have built a tradition of service. Her reputation for helpfulness is so widespread that her advice has been sought on everything from child-rearing to starting a balky car. And when dis-

aster or violence has overtaken a community, her alertness has saved lives and property and brought fugitives to justice.

It was quick-thinking that enabled Ruby Bahr, night-shift operator at Fairchild, Wisconsin, to bring about the capture of a murderer. Just before sunup of an August day, the switchboard light over Fairchild 4 flashed on and Ruby plugged in with a cheery "Hello!" for Frank Phillips, night attendant at Four Corners Gas Station. Instead of Phillips' customary "Hi ya, Ruby!" there was silence—then echoes of gunfire. This, plus the roar of a car gathering speed, galvanized Ruby. She rushed to the window in time to see a sedan flash by, heading for Black River Falls, 30 miles away.

Ruby dashed back to her board, notified a doctor and the police, then spread a telephonic dragnet along Route 12 and the byroads that intersected it. Forty-five minutes later, armed with Ruby's description of the bandit car and its probable route, sheriffs apprehended Phillips' murderer in Black River Falls.

An isolated case? No. The same ability to put two and two together led Mabel Hite, night-shift operator at Potter, Nebraska, to reason that the plane circling overhead was the regular mail plane, lost in a storm. On her own initiative she called the air-mail field at Sidney, 20 miles away, and explained the situation.

"He'll need a lot of help!" Mrs. Hite was told. "Too many hills and canyons around for him to get down alone. You might try railroad flares—"

Quickly Mrs. Hite rang up a

section foreman of the Union Pacific Railroad and asked him to send 30 men with flares to a near-by field where the plane could land. Within a few minutes the emergency railroad crew party had shepherded the pilot to safety.

In Hackensack, New Jersey, a call from an excited woman with a heavy foreign accent was turned over to Emma Gatti. Because she had observed how English was taught in schools for the foreign-born, Miss Gatti could not only understand the woman but could also make herself understood. The woman wanted an ambulance, and Miss Gatti immediately made the connection. Then she continued to supervise the call until she heard the distressed woman tell the hospital that her little girl's wrist had been accidentally slashed.

Miss Gatti cut in and gave first-aid instructions to save the child from fatal bleeding. A few minutes later she followed up the call. Her first-aid advice had been carried out, but the ambulance had difficulty in locating the address; so without the operator's resourcefulness the child would probably have bled to death.

Another Jersey girl operator played the role of sleuth in a suspense-packed effort to save the eyesight of a woman who had mistakenly picked up a bottle of acid for an eye-drop prescription at a New York drugstore. The worried drug-gist gave the customer's address as

Wickatunk, a town three miles from the exchange where Mrs. Mary E. Algor was on duty. But the woman was not listed in the directory.

Mrs. Algor tried the Wickatunk post office and learned that the woman's brother owned an estate in town and had a telephone. Vainly she rang the number, then remembered that the brother was deaf. Mrs. Algor prepared to drive to Wickatunk herself, and while waiting for a relief operator to take over the board she called several persons living near the estate. Finally she reached one who volunteered to hunt for the drugstore customer, but neither the woman nor her brother was at home.

Somewhere in her long phone experience, the "Hello Girl" knew, was the clue which could bring a happy ending. She tried to recall every toll call the Wickatunk subscriber had made—and then she remembered! There was another brother living in New York City. She put in the call, hoping against hope that she would be in time. Just as the wom-

an customer was about to use the eye "prescription," Mrs. Algor's call came through at the brother's hotel suite.

Numerous operators have emerged as heroines from the fury of storms and floods. Mrs. Mildred Lothrop, chief operator at Homer, Nebraska, has worked through two disasters, 20 years apart, and served with such heroism that the Bell System has given her a



gold medal for public service and two awards of \$1,000 each.

In her first flood experience, Mrs. Lothrop was advised at 2 A.M. that a cloudburst had struck five miles from Homer, covering the valley with water. Working swiftly and methodically at her board, she warned as many persons as possible of impending disaster. She even sent her youngest son out into the water, which already had reached the exchange, and told him to ring the fire bell, knowing that many subscribers upon hearing the alarm would call the phone office.

She refused to leave her board until it went "dead" from water immersion, and barely saved her own life when she and her son had to battle swift currents to gain safety in a near-by store.

Twenty years later, when a flood again hit Homer, Mrs. Lothrop was equally steadfast. Turbulent waters rose to within inches of the switchboard, but Mrs. Lothrop stayed on, broadcasting warnings, directing rescue work and commandeering lifesaving apparatus from neighboring towns.

By their ability to sense something wrong while carrying out daily routine, "Hello Girls" have even saved the lives of other operators. Mrs. Kathryn C. Brisson, night toll-operator at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, was unable to get response from the central office at Winchendon, 15 miles away. Yet she knew two night operators were on duty there.

Failing to reach Winchendon directly, she tried vainly to call via a roundabout circuit. Then she asked the Winchendon railway agent to phone the local office, but he, too,

failed to arouse the operator. Finally she persuaded the Fitchburg train dispatcher to ask the Winchendon agent to investigate. Mrs. Brisson didn't know it, but she had been racing against death. The two operators, overcome by coal gas, would have died but for the timely arrival of the train agent.

The "Hello Girl" seems to be blessed with a sixth sense of knowing what special equipment is needed in a life-and-death emergency. The fact that a calling subscriber was in evident distress was passed on to Lillian E. Barry, supervisor at St. Joseph, Missouri. Miss Barry, recognizing the number as a doctor's phone and failing to get an answer, asked the subscriber if another doctor would suffice.

"Any doctor—quickly!" came the reply, followed by a click. Automatically the operator called information to obtain the name and address of the woman, and directed the Physician's Exchange to send a doctor immediately. In a minute the woman called again to say her two babies were overcome by gas. Miss Barry had a Pulmotor speeded to the scene, and the babies were revived before the doctor came.

"Hello Girls" have even sacrificed their lives by remaining at their boards to spread the alarm of fire. Gladys I. Gibson was operating a private exchange in a Cleveland hospital when a fire and explosions filled the four-story building with deadly gas. Two minutes after the first blast, an operator in the Garfield central office heard Miss Gibson, gasping for breath:

"There's a fire at the Clinic! Terrible explosion—call the fire department—ambulances—it's awful

—"The message ceased abruptly.

The hospital board was located on the second floor. Rescuers found Miss Gibson slumped over, her headset still on. A few feet away a window offered means of escape, but Miss Gibson had elected to die at her post.

Shortly after midnight on June 5 of last year, the house detective in Chicago's 22-story La Salle Hotel rushed to the switchboard on the second floor. A disastrous fire which was to claim 61 lives had just broken out in the cocktail lounge; smoke and flames were already billowing upward.

"Call the fire department," he shouted to Mrs. Julia C. Berry, who was on duty alone at the board. "Then get out!"

Mrs. Berry called the fire department, but she didn't get out. A few moments later, the assistant night manager, making a frantic last-minute effort to account for hotel personnel, fought his way to the switchboard room. There he found Mrs. Berry, calmly calling rooms to give the warning.

"You've got to get out," he urged. "You'll be trapped here!"

Again Mrs. Berry refused to leave. "I haven't rung all the rooms yet," she said. "We've got to give

those people on the top floors a chance."

When the fire was over, her body was found at the switchboard; she had remained until her voice was stilled forever. As a tribute to her courage, Mrs. Berry, a widow, was posthumously awarded the telephone system's Vail medal and \$1,000, which were presented to her 15-year-old son.

THE "HELLO GIRL" has been nurse to the ill, mother confessor to the worried, and policeman, fireman and detective in emergencies. But with electrical equipment manufacturers geared for peacetime production, more and more communities are installing the dial system, and soon "Number, please?" will all but have vanished.

Engineers say the chief advantage of the dial plan will be increased speed, more accurate service, fewer interruptions and cut-offs, greater traffic in calls.

All this, however, does not mean that the girl operator has vanished into obscurity. You may not hear her friendly "Number, please?" but she'll be at her post as always, ready to put her resourcefulness and her intuition to work when you most urgently need help.

Quick Reflex

AN INQUISITIVE TOURIST came upon a man driving a team of mules. "Has a mule ever kicked you?" he asked.

"No," drawled the other, "but sometimes he kicks the place where I recently was."

O ur human comedy

Laughter is a healthful tonic—good for young and old. So gathered here to enhance your well-being are some amusing bits from the everyday world

THOSE WHO SHARE the din and tumult of modern apartment life will have a sympathetic understanding of why Harvard's famed Charles Townsend Copeland insisted on occupying a couple of small, dusty rooms on the top floor of Hollis Hall. The distinguished professor was often urged to move into quarters more befitting his position on the campus.

"No," he finally exclaimed one day. "I shall live on the top floor. It is the only place in Cambridge where God alone is above me. He's busy—but He's quiet."

—MIRIAM MAURER



HENRY FORD and Thomas Edison were motoring through some farm country one day many years ago, when they saw a small tow-headed boy sawing wood. They stopped to watch, fascinated by the skill with which the little chap

was handling the cross-cut saw.

The boy was friendly, but seemed unimpressed. Evidently he didn't recognize the famous men. Hoping to have a little fun, Ford went to the other side of the saw and began working it vigorously.

"Well," he finally burst out, "do you know you're sawing wood with Henry Ford?"

"No!" the boy shot back, "but I'll tell you who *you're* sawing wood with—you're sawing with Robert E. Lee!"

Ford was so amazed that he presented the namesake of the famous general with a brand-new Ford car.

—MIKE DODD



COUNT LEO was a wealthy old bachelor, crotchety and wary of all people, especially relatives. Having tasted champagne for the first time at the age of 16, he decided it was a good drink and never drank anything else for the rest of his life. Yet he never consumed more than a small daily allotment.

The Count also had many other whims to which he clung stubbornly, such as never writing letters except by candlelight. One day he wrote an unusual number of missives. Then he asked his nearest relatives and one or two close friends to visit him at once.

When they arrived, Count Leo was in bed. The old man addressed them in solemn voice:

"I sent for you because I feel death is imminent. . . ."

Several people interrupted with protests, but he lifted his hand for silence. "I want to discuss my funeral with you. You know that I

cannot stand sloppiness or lack of discipline. No coroner or doctor must set foot in my house. I forbid you to dress my corpse—I wish to rest in this dressing gown.

“I have drawn up the announcement of my death, the list of those to be notified and the exact sequence of the funeral procession. Two candelabras are to be placed near my bier. I wish that two of my relatives should pray at my coffin constantly for the first 24 hours, changing at three-hour intervals. I have prepared the list of names for this solemn duty. . . .”

He went on talking for a while, then abruptly finished. “Good-bye,” he said. It was his last word. The whole company set out immediately to fulfill his wishes. At the bier the first two relatives began their vigil on their knees.

True to his presentiment, Count Leo “died” at eleven in the morning. But at four in the afternoon he sat up in his coffin!

“Excellent,” he said quietly. “I see that everything is going to be just as I wanted. You have been most kind. You may go now.”

The mourning company rushed away in disorder. Count Leo descended from the bier, asking for champagne. And for seven years he lived in the best of health.

—PAUL TABORI



THE MAN LAY in the middle of the street, flat on his stomach, wriggling and writhing. The crowd of onlookers stood by helplessly. A tall, flustered woman pushed her way through the crowd.

“Why doesn’t someone help this

poor man?” she exclaimed. “Can’t you see he’s suffering?”

Upon receiving no answer from the crowd, she promptly jumped astraddle the poor fellow’s back. “I’ve just finished a course in first aid,” she explained. Whereupon she vigorously began to administer artificial respiration.

The man stopped squirming and looked over his shoulder at the woman on his back.

“I don’t know what you’re trying to do, lady,” he grunted. “But I’m trying to fish my hat out of this manhole.” —ELMA G. MAYES



WHEN SHE WAS A young child, Princess Juliana of the Netherlands once watched a parade from the palace balcony in the Hague. “Do all those people belong to me?” she asked her mother.

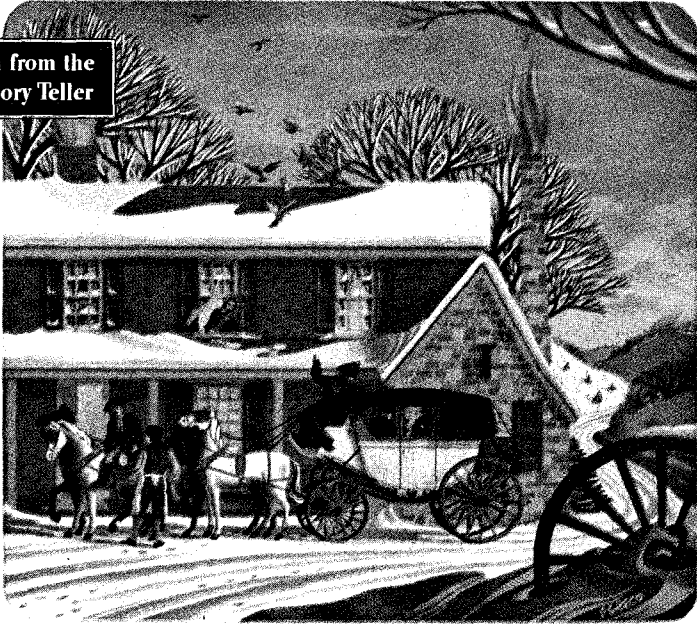
“No, indeed, child,” replied Queen Wilhelmina. “We belong to all those people!”

—COUNT FERDINAND CZERNIN

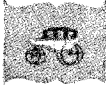


WHEN JACK LONDON was reporting the Russo-Jap War from Korea, an official called and said the people of the town wanted to see him. A platform was built and London rehearsed a speech. When he ascended the platform before a huge crowd, the official asked him to remove his false teeth. London shruggingly obliged, whereupon the audience broke out in cheers. There was no speech. London kept taking out and putting in his bridge to the applause of the multitude! —TOM WAKEFIELD

 A Gem from the
Coronet Story Teller



The Tale of a Wayside Inn



ISRAEL MAUGHN eyed the overcast sky and shook his head. Business would be even worse this winter of 1762. His inn was snowbound, money was running low. He was so far from the next town that hurried travelers wouldn't take time to stop. Daily, Maughn grew more desperate. Then one night, during a howling blizzard, he hit on a solution.

"You must be out of your head," his family protested when he explained his idea. "It's unheard of!"

That was exactly what he wanted to hear. Novelty would catch the first customers, efficiency would do the rest. With saw and hammer, Israel cut a big hole in the kitchen wall. Then, after painting a sign in bold letters, he started pots bubbling on the stove and waited.

Scarcely an hour later a coach halted at his open kitchen window. From that day on, Maughn's inn prospered, its fame spreading through the countryside. Today there is hardly a state which does not boast a dozen counterparts of that tiny inn. The answer to a hurried traveler's prayer, Maughn's idea gave America its first "Drive-in" service.

Suspense . . . drama . . . action . . . 5-minute pocket stories with a surprise ending . . . that's the *Coronet Story Teller* program sponsored by Kellogg, every morning Monday thru Friday at 11:30, EST; 10:30, CST; 9:30, MST; 10:00, PST. Listen to Marvin Miller, the *Coronet Story Teller*, over your local American Broadcasting Company station.



BLACK Majesty

by JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

FOREWORD: Here is the fascinating story of King Christophe, King of Haiti, a remarkable but little-known man who rose from abject slavery to achieve tremendous power in the New World. His extraordinary adventures and unbelievable accomplishments were truly stranger than fiction. Set against a colorful and exotic background, *Black Majesty* is packed with sentiment and pathos, action and violence, drama and suspense. But more than that, it is a book that reflects the dream of mankind everywhere for freedom and dignity.

CAP HAITIEN, a town made listless by the sun, sprawls along a shallow bay on the north coast of Haiti, 800 miles southeast of Florida. Its narrow streets either swarm with Negro men and women or are

quiet but for the droning of flies. Low drab houses flank the roads with not an inch to spare.

Behind the city is a desolate wilderness. Along a muddy road are huddled shacks thatched with palm. Filth-caked swine, and naked Negro babies fraternize on the hard-packed earth. The scene has scarcely changed during four generations while the black peasants of Haiti have slipped ever deeper into dirt and dreamlessness.

But once, more than 100 years ago, a great king made Cap Haïtien his capital. He was a black man born a slave, but under him the country presented a different picture. No one was indolent or dirty, factories were busy, the great plain behind the city was a sugar field, finest in the world. Along the roads were plantations owned by Negroes who bore with dignity the titles of duke and baron and count.

During its brief span, the kingdom ranked with the most forceful of New World Powers. There were two men of transcendent greatness then: Napoleon of France and the King of Haiti—Henry Christophe—the only man alive who had defeated Napoleon in war.

Today in Haiti only a few remember Christophe's name. But he foresaw this, and raised a monument more permanent than the name of a king—the Citadel of Christophe—a fortress that even from the sea 20 miles away looms in majestic silhouette against the sky. It is a fortress more massive than the Tower of London, yet it straddles a peak 3,000 feet above the sea. It is the most impressive structure of its kind ever conceived by a Negro's brain or executed by

black hands in all the thousands of years of the race's history.

There, under broken stones and litter, lies all that remains of the King. It is his tomb. At night the bats swerve eerily over it. At twilight, when evening mists lift up, they break against the prow of the Citadel so that to the black peasants in the valleys, the silent fortress seems to be riding into the shadowing skies.



NO ONE KNOWS precisely where or when King Christophe was born, for a planter in those days kept no record of chattels so cheap as slave babies. Nor is anything known of Christophe's father and mother except that they were slaves brought from West Africa to work in the Windward Islands. But from the one extant portrait of the King, he was tall, straight-featured as a Roman and supremely proud.

Like all slave children, he was disregarded by black and white alike. His childhood was one long, gallant summertime when a black was free, free for the only time till death. On the great plantations of the Windward Islands were scenes of glamour. The great rollers at the sugar mill, the odorous rum vats, the pans of steaming molasses tended by slaves must have seemed worth endless hours of watching.

But the black children must have wondered, too, at the state of things that set master and family so curiously apart from the world of toiling men and women whose skin

was dark. Surely Christophe wondered. No one could have helped but marvel at the big white house where no one ever worked or sweated, where no one ever wept or felt the lash.

Christophe, destined to be king, had no school, no teaching. When he was seven, the planter apprenticed him as a mason; when he was twelve he ran away. A sailing master gave him refuge, and the ship sailed northwest to French-owned St. Domingue, as Haiti was then called, and put in at Cap Francois, later known as Cap Haïtien. There, the ship's captain met a young French naval officer who wanted a mess boy. The deal was quickly concluded. Henry set out to sea again, this time aboard a French fleet sailing north to Savannah, Georgia, carrying volunteers to assist the Americans in their war against Britain.



WHEN HENRY Christophe returned to St. Domingue from the new United States he carried vivid, troubling recollections of lean-faced farmers dying for a thing he'd never heard of: liberty. A youth named Chavannes, a mulatto volunteer with the eyes and chin of a poet, had told him something of the cause they fought for—and had talked with fierce intensity of a half-formed dream of liberty at home.

But when the ships reached Cap Francois on the return voyage, Henry's master, who had no further

use for a black servant, sold him to a free-Negro innkeeper named Coidovic, who needed a stable boy. In a few years Coidovic raised Christophe to waiter and billiard marker, and by the time he'd reached his early twenties he had saved enough to buy his freedom—a change of status made possible for a Negro slave only by having at the same time an indulgent master and a full purse.

The hotel was patronized by whites, and they talked of their problems. Nor did they trouble to lower their voices so a young black waiter would not overhear. They talked of their Negro mistresses, and of the children of these women who, tradition ruled, must be freed by their fathers. Now the class composed of these children and their descendants had grown too large.

St. Domingue was a nervous place. There were 40,000 whites, 24,000 free mulattoes, 500,000 slaves—certainly a powder-barrel of a colony for all its surface brilliancy. The mulatto freedmen, the *affranchis*, were technically as free as the whitest Frenchman, but the whites sought every way to make them feel the black taint. Even the mulatto planters, many of whom were as rich and proud as their blond neighbors, sat apart at church and at the play. They were, as a rule, severer masters to their black slaves and therefore even more fiercely loathed by them. This was something in their favor, the whites admitted: it was comforting to think that the two classes would never agree for rebellion.

Christophe overheard all this and pondered. Then suddenly, in 1789,

the Bastille fell and the news lit the fuse of the powder-barrel in St. Domingue. No one was contented. Even the whites wanted a change. They elected an Assembly and cut the colony almost wholly free from the mother country.

In France, representatives of the free mulattoes knew their chance had come. The echo of passions stirring Europe swelled the murmurous mood of even the blacks in the corrals scattered over St. Domingue's warm hillsides. Then word came that Paris had granted the right of taking part in the election of the Colonial Assembly to all freemen, irrespective of color. The murmur grew to a sullen roar.

Soon Cap Francois turned out for a holiday. Two rebellious mulattoes were to be smashed on a rack and then tied to a wheel in full view of the mob and peering sun. The whites watched the mulattoes who stood in silent groups at the edge of the square. This show was being staged for them, and it was important that they understand.

The short, stout quadroon upon the rack, who let forth such piteous cries of pain, was Ogé, the man the *affranchis* had sent to France to represent them in the National Assembly. He had come back to St. Domingue and dared demand the rights of his class. And the man dying beside him was his friend Chavannes, whom Christophe had known at Savannah.

Young Henry, in starched white shirt and waiter's apron, stood in the crowd and watched. Ogé and Chavannes died bravely. In the procession that filed after the executioner walked an ugly little old

coachman named Francois Tous-saint and a huge black slave called Jean Jacques Dessalines. They scarcely knew one another, yet each sensed in his comrade a kindred mood.

The old coachman was known among plantation slaves as "The Physician," so great was the learning he had crammed into his high and narrow head in a half-century of life. Dessalines knew in his half-savage African heart that here in this new and unhappy world, the wisdom of Toussaint was vital to a mutual cause. As they walked behind the bobbing pipestuffs that bore the heads of Ogé and Chavannes, they recognized that here was a cause to kill and burn and die for.



INCENSED by the execution of Ogé and Chavannes, and resentful of the fashion in which their rulings had been set aside, the politicians of France soon decreed

that mulattoes should have the right of seats in the Colonial Assembly. Immediately the mulattoes organized and gathered by torchlight on the estates of their rich brothers. And in the hills, scattered slaves began to arm themselves with bill-hooks and cane knives, to chant the new cry of freedom. While the whites saw nothing, heard nothing, an army came into existence in their back yards, in their kitchens, in the sleepy sweltering cane fields.

A code language brought from Africa conveyed news to every

black. Plantation songs carried new refrains which the careless ears of the whites could not detect. An intonation in the melody, sung by a solitary herdsman; a trick of the drum beat when field workers gathered for a dance under the watchful estate foreman; a whisper; a tiny gesture—all served their purpose.

A Negro leader named Boukmann, seeking something to bring his still fearful people to the sticking point, announced that a huge army was bound overseas from France to help them punish the planters. The excited talk in compounds and fields grew to a subdued bedlam.

On the evening of August 22, 1793, a tom-tom drum on the Turpin plantation, Boukmann's home, broke the starlit tropic night. It carried a new, wild melody. Across the valley another took it up, then another farther on, and in an instant 200 hidden drums on as many plantations were beating out the tune. In 200 great houses back among the mango trees, whites came suddenly and fearfully awake. Before the night was over the stars were extinguished by the glare from fires. Whites were dragged from hiding and slaughtered in the most frightful fashions the slaves could conceive.

For eight days the blacks held a carnival of revenge — and were then defeated at the gate of Cap Francois. Boukmann was taken and his head impaled on a pole.

Toussaint, who succeeded Boukmann as leader of the blacks, sought an honorable peace, but failed because there was now no stable government in Paris with which to

deal. The King of France dropped his head into a basket, the Negroes allied themselves with the new Republic of France, and Christophe, the inn servant, married Marie Louise, the 15-year-old daughter of his employer, Coidovic.

In the same year, 1793, France went to war with Spain and England, and Toussaint and other rebel leaders promptly crossed over into the Spanish half of the island and became generals in the Spanish army. Soon they began to overrun the French territory they had so lately left as runaway slaves. Then Toussaint, the wise, made up his mind that Negro freedom could best be achieved by alliance with the French, and turned a sudden right-about. He quit Spain for France, and began to fight back over the same territory he had so lately won.

In a campaign scarcely equaled for vigor in all military history he led his ragged legions of ex-slaves over towering mountain ranges, stormed a dozen towns and raised the tricolor over each, proclaiming universal emancipation of the blacks. As he drew near Cap Francois, regiments of black recruits flocked to his standard.

Among the first volunteers was Henry Christophe, the inn servant. He had watched, learned much, and waited long. Now at last the wheel of black men's fortunes had spun and paused to his liking. Toussaint, dubbed L'Ouverture because of his uncanny gift of "opening" everything before the avalanche of military operations, had known young Christophe and marked him as a likely man. Now, at 27, Henry

received the rank of sergeant and was put over a small band of men.

In the swift shift of fortunes which filled the ensuing years, Christophe disappeared, to emerge seven years later as a general second only to the great Toussaint himself, governor of Cap Francois, and owner of the richest mansion in the town. In those seven years Henry Christophe had learned to write his surname. When he became king he learned to sign the "Henry," too.



IN SEVEN YEARS the slaves of St. Domingue's jungle and fields had created a kingdom. For seven years these ragged armies had fought a costly war against Spain, against England, and, unhappily, often against one another—while in France a vain little Corsican swept over Europe before the tornado of his own ambition.

Now the armies that had conquered Europe were idle. Insatiate Bonaparte knew that rich colonies must be found if France's wealth and energy were to continue. Somehow, St. Domingue had slipped through his fingers, and the great sun-warmed plains and hillsides now sent their produce to America and England.

Soon Napoleon gave orders that his shipyards prepare the greatest fleet France had ever dispatched across a sea. Eighty-six warships were to carry 22,000 soldiers—the pick of the army that had conquered Italy and Austria. Surely

Christophe, Toussaint and Dessalines, the three ex-slaves, must have sensed the flattery and felt a strong faith in their great destinies.

On February 3, 1802, the fleet arrived off Cap Francois. Captain-General LeClerc, commander of the expedition and Napoleon's brother-in-law, sent young Ensign Lebrun to tell Christophe to prepare the town for his reception. Lebrun landed on the beach and was greeted by General Christophe, whose reserved dignity quite overwhelmed the Frenchman.

Lebrun bore letters addressed to Toussaint, and refused to put them in Christophe's hands. But he whispered, "LeClerc will cover you with honors if you deliver the town before Toussaint comes!"

Christophe drew himself up to his great height. Sunlight streaming through the palace windows glinted on his golden epaulettes. His full reverberant voice came so clearly that all in the great hall could hear.

"You think me capable of betraying my trust? I will recognize no other authority than Governor Toussaint until he has told me that France has properly replaced him."

The young aide-de-camp returned to the flagship to tell astonished officers that he had dined that night off plates of gold and that the great banquet hall of the ex-stable boy's palace was hung in brocaded silk.

LeClerc wrote to Christophe demanding surrender. Christophe replied: "You will only enter the city when it has been reduced to ashes, and even upon the ashes still will I fight you."

There was another exchange of letters, then LeClerc landed his troops. But of the 800 splendid buildings that had composed the city, only 60 were standing. Christophe had kept his word and burned the town. He himself had lit the first torch. With his own hands he burned his own house, the richest on the island. Then with a handful of soldiers he went through the hills to join Toussaint and plan a way to conquer destiny.

The months that followed were splashed with blood. Christophe, Dessalines and Toussaint battled the French, but they were heavily outnumbered and were finally defeated. When they surrendered to LeClerc, word sped around the world that Napoleon's invincible armies had triumphed again.

The triumph, however, was short-lived. After Toussaint was spirited away to France, where he later died in one of Napoleon's dungeons, Dessalines and Christophe led another revolt and routed the French; then Dessalines was crowned First Emperor of Haiti. But the soldier Dessalines was only bewildered by problems of state, and rebellious mulattoes assassinated him. Now the stage was set for Christophe to play the final role in Haiti's drama of rebellion and war.

In 1807, Christophe was made chief governor. Four years later, after an interval of civil war with rebellious mulattoes of the South, led by Alexandre Pétion, Christophe, the slave, the stable-boy, the waiter, was made king. The crowds shouted "*Vive l'homme Christophe!*" Cap Haïtien changed its name again. It was now Cap

Henry, named for the king . . . "Henry I." With stiff fingers and perspiring brow, he learned to write it. *Henry*. Once learned, it was easier to write than *Christophe*. It was shorter . . .



IT WAS SAID that no one in Haiti slept so little or ate so fast as King Christophe. Long years of campaigning had encouraged both habits. In April and May of 1811, the legend of the King's haste grew to an heroic myth. Christophe the soldier, the man of giant fearlessness, and Christophe the general, the leader who could move a regiment over the mountains with the swiftness of a parrot's flight, were well-known, well-loved figures. But administrator—that was a new facet of his brilliance. It made even his intimates blink.

On Sunday, June 2, they put a golden crown on Christophe's head and a scepter in his hand. The coronation ceremony was held in a cathedral that had risen in two months from a smoke-blackened pile of stones and rotted beams.

A French Catholic priest officiated. His name was Corneille Brelle and his office was that of chaplain to King Henry. Christophe had proclaimed Catholicism the official religion of the State and his first act as monarch had been to build the most pretentious church ever raised in Haiti to the honor of God and Rome. What less could Pere Corneille do than play his role—even though he knew quite

well that Henry scorned his church?

Four princes, eight dukes, 22 counts, 37 barons and 40 chevaliers attended the ceremony. They comprised the hereditary nobility of Haiti, a black aristocracy just one month old, created by royal order. Henry, who knew his people, had rewarded his friends.

That night shabby Cap Henry was illumined by torches and a grand banquet was given at the palace. By Christophe's order, no social distinctions were made. Gaping black peasants danced with Negro duchesses and the ladies of mulatto barons. On a dais sat King Henry, his legs encased in white silk stockings, his feet in high-heeled pumps. A peacock-blue jacket embroidered in gold was buttoned up to his throat; on his shoulders were golden epaulettes. Bonaparte himself was never appeared more correctly.

The Queen, Marie-Louise, daughter of Christophe's former owner, Coidovic the innkeeper, sat beside him. Suddenly she saw his mouth grow hard. A new-made baron was mincing in the minuet. One clumsy foot caught behind the other and he sprawled on the floor. The crowd shouted, while the baron, not troubling to get up, shouted joyfully with them.

Queerly, the splendid ballroom seemed to fade away, the rich uniforms to give way to rags. Before the King's mind passed an old picture—of slaves dancing by fitful firelight in the compound yard. Christophe's hands clenched.

"Antoine!" he called.

The baron staggered to his feet. Christophe spoke low. "Ahtoine,

you are appointed captain of the garrison at Thomasico. You will start tonight."

The baron's face grew sullen. Thomasico was a dirty border hamlet at the farthest limit of the kingdom. The baron strode from the room, and with confused haste the couples resumed their dancing.

To the Queen, Christophe whispered, "Marie, so much to do and so little time."



IN AUGUST, work was begun on Henry's Palace of San Souci in the town of Milot, and in September, 1812, it was finished, the finest mansion in the New World. It rose four stories and was built of bricks plastered with yellow stucco. A mountain stream was conducted under the floors of the great halls on the main floor to keep them cool. There were banquet halls, an audience chamber, the private rooms of the royal family, besides quarters for their people.

The only contact Henry had with the outside world was through correspondence. Commercial and diplomatic agencies had to be established in England and the United States. Every mirror, chair, book and tapestry had to be ordered by letter. Often Christophe dictated as many as 100 epistles a day to his closest advisers, Baron Dupuy and Vastey, and signed each with his name.

At last Sans Souci was finished and the King and his court moved in. Thursday was set aside as the

day Christophe received, first commons, then nobles. Barefoot, half-naked black peasants, dignified little magistrates, Negro traders and artisans, officers and private soldiers, and occasionally a proud noble came with grievances and elbowed one another to get hearings. Christophe passed swift judgments that were in most cases uncannily fair.

After 5 o'clock, commoners were excluded and the aristocracy came. Every noble was required to appear in special uniform correct to the last button. With their consorts they sat in a semicircle facing a dais on which were the King and Queen and attendants.

Besides Dupuy and Vastey, the highest officials were near the King; but on the outskirts were still other advisers, especially Dr. Duncan Stewart of Edinburgh, Henry's physician, and M. J. Moor of London, mathematician and *bon vivant*. Dr. Stewart, a tall, dour Scotsman, and Moor, an Englishman, had become intimates of Christophe.

They often made excuses for not appearing at the receptions, but anything short of death offered by a black noble as an excuse drew upon the delinquent the King's furious anger—a thing Haiti was learning to dread.

The King on Thursday afternoons would look with brooding loneliness into the faces of the men and women near him. Most were black. Nearly all had been born, as he had, on some mud floor. "Monsieur le Duc . . . Madame la Comtesse," the droning voice of the Master of Ceremonies would say—and a folding chair would

creak uncomfortably and a sooty face would work with the strain of some stiffly phrased reply . . .

"So much to do, and so little time . . ."



UNDER THE KING's strict rule the land was everywhere yielding again. By his orders, expressed in the Code Henry, every adult man and woman in the kingdom was required to work. But the Code, though it was rapidly making Haiti prosperous, had delicate explosive in it, since just over the border in Port au Prince, Pétion's republic, universal idleness was both permitted and practiced. But as the warm perpetual summers slipped by, Haiti became rich.

Christophe was himself the greatest builder and planter in his kingdom. Sans Souci before long was only one of seven palaces. Besides these, he erected 15 chateaux, each in a different part of the kingdom and each surrounded by wide and fertile lands. Haiti now was exporting sugar, coffee, cotton and other products.

England was radiant at being the handler of such magnificent trade, and the Foreign Office suggested that Sir Home Popham, commander-in-chief of the West Indian fleet, call at Haiti and write his impressions.

When Popham arrived, a royal carriage came down to the port for him, and with courteous young Dupuy as escort he was driven for two hours along the wide royal road

that ran straight from the gate of Cap Henry to the palace. With admiration, Sir Home listened to Dupuy's informed talk of politics, books and personalities, and watched the cultivated fields run by on either side.

The Admiral, a tall, distinguished Englishman, wore full-dress uniform, but he found himself eclipsed by the splendor of Henry and his courtiers. It was the first official visit Christophe had received from a foreign power, and it was vital that England be impressed. That night, after a banquet at which Sir Home drank vintage champagne from golden goblets, he found himself on a moonlit balcony, leaning his chair against the palace wall. Christophe was at his left and near them were Dupuy, Moor and Dr. Stewart.

Sir Home had recently visited Port au Prince and talked with Pétion. The republic, thanks to Pétion's corrupt officials and worthless currency, was close to bankruptcy, it seemed, but Sir Home remarked that its strength was not to be underestimated.

"Your work laws are unwise," he told Christophe. "In the south they say you are going too fast."

For a long moment Christophe was silent. When he spoke his full rich voice seemed suddenly aged. "My race is as old as yours. But we were your slaves. We have suffered, but we have obeyed. Why? Because, M'sieur, we have no pride! And we have no pride because we have nothing to remember. Listen!"

From somewhere was coming a faint drumming, a weird melody that seemed to be born of the heart

of the dark hills, that rose and fell in pallid echoes under the moon.

"It is a drum, Sir Home. Somewhere my people are dancing. It is almost all we have. Perhaps if we had something we could show you, you would respect us and we might respect ourselves . . . In monuments and towers and palaces we might find our strength. While I live I shall try to build that pride we need and build in terms white men as well as black can understand!"

Next afternoon Henry invited Popham to review his household troops. Chairs were arranged, and the King, the Queen, the admiral and numerous mulatto and Negro officials took their places. A bugler blew a call and from around a wall came a company of soldiers, marching eight abreast.

The Admiral gasped. Every man was at least six feet tall, all were full-blooded Negroes. They wore splendid uniforms and marched with marvelous precision. As each regiment appeared, Sir Home was treated to a different but hardly less-striking uniform.

The afternoon advanced, but the procession still continued. Popham, dazed and marveling, estimated that 30,000 men had passed before them. Christophe asked the Admiral if Pétion could boast any such display of men, and Sir Home shook his head.

The Englishman did not know that as each squad passed from sight, the men broke ranks, changed uniforms and fell into ranks again. Christophe, taking advantage of the European notion that all Negroes look alike, had treated him to 30 views of the same 1,000 men.



MILOT, IN SPITE of being the residence of the sovereign, was only a tiny Negro village half asleep under the tropic sun. Each day was the double of all others. Only Christophe seemed able to keep every moment filled with activity.

It was his custom to take a walk every morning, accompanied by a page who carried a telescope wrapped in a napkin. No one knew where he might go, but every cultivator, landlord and civil servant within 15 miles knew that Christophe might appear at any moment.

Roads were being made, bridges and schools built, farms surveyed, and a postal service to every section of the kingdom being organized. The telescope played an important part in each undertaking. From the hills the King would look down into near-by valleys. Often peasants would be punished because from a distance he had sighted them asleep during the hours the law set apart for labor.

By 1819, the Citadel had become the supreme absorption of the King. The Citadel la Ferriere was the gigantic fortress Christophe was building on the crown of a mountain, 3,000 feet above sea level. Work had been begun in 1804 at the order of Dessalines, but not until Henry had been King for seven years, not until Haiti was prosperous had the King driven on the work with urgency.

The Citadel was to be a refuge against a time when the French might return. It was to be a great

gray fist thrust into the sky to warn Pétion's mulattoes beyond the border that majesty was not to be trifled with. But above everything, it was to be the King's grand gesture, a dream of empire wrought in stone, a monument the blacks could turn their eyes to with pride.

The fortress took the shape of an irregular square, tapering to a gigantic prow that pointed magnetic north. There were dungeons, treasure chambers, powder magazines, long corridors of cannon and room for 10,000 men. La Ferriere, as Christophe proudly knew, was more gigantic than any fortress ever erected on this side of the sea.

But it was costly. While fear of France had been close, the work had gone forward with little protest. But by 1819, Haiti had grown fat and France seemed far away.

Why then, grumbled the mulatto nobles, must Henry still have his costly Citadel? They hated it. It was, they knew in their hearts, magnificent—the supreme physical creation in the history of the Negro race. But it was *his*. And Henry, the rich and the powerful could not forget, was a full-blooded black. That was the foundation fact on which was being reared a growing discontent.

Scarcely a month passed without the discovery of a plot against him somewhere in the kingdom and, without exception, mulattoes were most deeply concerned. So far, the King had found them out and meted vigorous punishment, either death by the sword of Gaffie, the black executioner—who was so skillful he could take a head off without soiling the collar—or hard

labor on the ever-mounting walls of the Citadel.

Christophe had gone too fast, and because his people did not share his ambition and energy, he grew savagely impatient. Soon no one felt safe from his furies.

Standing on the walls of the Citadel, looking through his telescope, he saw a Negro farmer in a valley far below, asleep by the door of his mud-walled cottage. Henry's lips drew back in a snarl of senseless rage. He called for a captain of artillery and together they went into the gallery where the huge bronze cannon were ranged.

The young captain, obedient but trembling, took aim while Christophe lit the fuse. The morning quiet was shattered with the resounding explosion. But the man asleep did not hear. The cannon ball, superbly aimed, smashed him and his mud hut together.

There was no doubt that Henry had changed. His enemies said he was drunk with power. Even his friends wondered if he had not, with weariness and age, slipped back into sullen savagery.



ADMIRAL POPHAM returned to Sans Souci in 1820 to say good-bye. His health had broken and he was going home to England.

"They tell me, Henry," said the Admiral, "that you have turned tyrant. Why?"

Christophe's hands opened in a queer gesture of helplessness. "Maybe I know no other way. Some-

times a fury comes over me and I am blind with anger . . . Last night I learned that Chaplain Brelle was in correspondence with men in the south. Already he has told them in Port au Prince how many soldiers I have and how many guns. He will lose his head at dawn tomorrow. Is that tyranny?"

Two great clenched fists were thrust out before the Admiral's face. "My courtiers tell me I am King because of my brains. That is nonsense! I am King because of these! So long as they are strong I will have a thousand friends to every enemy. When death opens these fists, the work will be done. Haiti will be great, strong, rich, proud—so proud it will last forever! The blacks will not forget Christophe!"

That night Popham took aboard his flagship a chest sealed with the royal seal. It contained \$6,000,000 in gold to be deposited in the Bank of England in the name of Marie-Louise Christophe. And at dawn, Gaffie, the executioner, struck off the head of the French priest, Brelle. He died pronouncing a curse on the name Christophe.

Henry was absent all that day from Sans Souci. In the late afternoon, he climbed to the fortress. The workmen were just coming down from the walls. He took a mason's trowel from a black prisoner and mounted the highest rampart. Often in recent months he had worked on the walls, and peasants whispered that on these lonely vigils he buried golden treasure.

In the hundred and more years that the Citadel has been empty, many men have gouged holes in its massive walls, seeking what Chris-

tophe hid. But their failure to find anything lends credence to the claim advanced then by Henry's friends—that he labored on the walls because he was fed with a giant impatience; because, in 1820, the King was ridden by a sense of haste that tortured him . . .

The following day the solitary, brooding mood still was on him. At 1 o'clock he gave orders to a body-servant to saddle a horse. He was going to the village of Limonade, 10 miles away, to attend mass. The servant gaped stupidly. Never before in anyone's memory had Henry gone to mass.

The Church of St. Ann had rarely been visited by communicants more eminent than barefoot old Negresses. The priest was asleep when a breathless soldier roused him with the news that King Henry was waiting in the empty church, kneeling at a praying-stand.

As the frightened priest entered, Christophe was slowly rising to his feet, his fingers pointing at the altar. Flecks of foam were showing at his mouth, his eyes were staring horribly. His lips moved. "Great God! It's Corneille Brelle!"

The King had seen the ghost of his dead chaplain officiating before the altar. With a scream he crashed forward, the stone floor laying his head open.

Two hours later Dr. Stewart, the frightened Queen, Vastey and Dupuy were at Christophe's bedside in the priest's house. Dr. Stewart was saying to the Queen, "A stroke. Apoplexy induced by extreme fatigue and apparently some mental shock."

For two days Christophe lay un-

conscious; then Stewart saw his eyelids flutter and a look of ghastly terror cross his face. That evening he was carried to Sans Souci.

The news ran over Haiti. The voices of black farmers carried it, across the ranges, across the deserts, into the hills of the south. At night the rumbling drums of old witchmen sounded the refrain. Christophe heard, and his hands caught at his silken bed sheets. "So much to do." Then, weakly, he fell asleep.

Next morning Dupuy and Stewart came into the King's chamber. Christophe was awake and hungry. His face was radiant with cheerfulness. Then he raised his head a little . . . and cursed softly. His frightened eyes sought the Doctor's.

"Duncan, what's the matter? I can't move."

"You might as well know, Henry. Except for your head, arms and hands, you are paralyzed."

That night the hidden drums and the wailing voices of peasants carried fresh, exciting news. In Port au Prince the mulatto politicians rejoiced. Dull-eyed blacks in the hot cane fields arched their backs, yawned, then laughed. It would be good to rest. *Sacre!* There was too much sugar.

Soldiers from St. Marc, city of the kingdom that lay nearest the border of Pétion's republic were marching on the public roads, shouting: "*A bas le Roi! Vive L'indépendance!*" And, more particularly, they were promising no more work, free rum, and spoils to all who joined them. A few peasants had already thrown down their machetes and were in the procession moving toward Sans Souci.

And no one was resisting them.

Christophe heard all this. With a great effort he lifted himself up, then sank back groaning. "Vastey," he shouted, "We have no time to lose. Send word that I will review the army tomorrow morning at ten o'clock."

At 9 o'clock they dressed Christophe in his most splendid blue-and-gold uniform, and an hour later his bodyguards propped him in a throne-like chair and carried him onto the palace's main terrace. Below, filling the valley of Milot and stretching away into the humid distance, were the assembled regiments of the army of Haiti, their vivid uniforms glinting in the morning sun. Certain companies were missing, but no one spoke of that.

Five thousand blacks could hear Christophe's booming voice: "Bring me my horse!"

With a single voice the army cheered, "*Vive le Roi! Vive l'homme Christophe!*" Drummers pounded wildly, fiercely, on their drums.

The white horse came to a stand 10 feet from the throne. The bodyguards turned toward the King. He swept them away with his arm, twitched off the robe that covered his lap. Dr. Stewart, standing in the crowd, stared.

Christophe stood erect. In five headlong strides he reached the horse. One hand went to its mane, the other to the saddle. Then, while the court and army looked on, Christophe slumped down till he lay under the horse's feet with face against the earth. The strength so miraculously summoned for the instant had gone out of him.

When they set him back on the

throne the soldiers cheered again, but this time the sound was half-hearted. The King gave an order, the parade began. And as each platoon passed the throne the men broke into cheers: "*Vive le Roi! Vive l'homme Christophe!*"

But when a third of the procession had passed, two sorts of cheering sounded in the valley. First there was "*Vive l'homme Christophe!*"—then, as they passed around the wall out of sight, they broke ranks and shouted, "*A bas le Roi! Vive l'indépendance!*"

They had come to the review, drawn by a lingering love for their King. But he had crumpled into the mud, and they were quit of him.

At last the tail of the procession passed and Christophe turned his head to find that the nobles and the generals who had stood behind his throne in the morning had quietly slipped away. Except for a few who stood close, he was alone.

The sun sank below the faraway sea and night rose swiftly up the hills. Soon the valley of Milot was dark and murmurous. Dr. Stewart sat on a stiff chair beside the King. They had been friends so long that talk was superfluous.

Once Henry whispered: "Tous-saint, the Tiger, and I . . . We dreamt so much and we have done so little."

Again, with a rich pride in his tone, he said: "To be great, Duncan, is to be lonely. To be magnificent is to have men hate you."

THE SKY WAS RED with flame. The King's chateaux in the Plaine du Nord were on fire. Through the brass telescope one

could see little dancing shadows pass before the pyres. Now and then an isolated shot, a brief mad rumble on a tom-tom, came up to them. Christophe cleared his throat.

"Duncan, they will be here soon now. Take whatever you can find that's worth anything, then go by back trails to the Cap. You will be safe with the English consul . . . Good-bye."

"Henry," said Dr. Stewart, "don't be a damned fool."

The Scotsman stood up. "I am going to send Marie-Louise and the children to you, but I will be across the hall if you want me."

The Queen and the King's three children came. Then he sent for Vastey and Dupuy. He said good-bye to them all, gave orders that the two men were to take his family to Cap Henry and put them under the protection of English friends there. Then he kissed them and sent them away.

When they had gone he asked

his valet for a bowl of water. He washed his hands, dried them on a damask napkin. Then he told the man to leave, but the servant stayed outside and watched through the keyhole. He saw Christophe throw himself off his chair and drag himself to a closet. He saw him pull down a snow-white satin gown, roll himself into it, and then, like some stricken animal, drag himself horribly across the floor to his bed and lift himself on to it.

From where he lay Christophe could look down the valley, filled with a shouting, running mob carrying torches. He took something from a cabinet by his bedside. Then he fell back and lay still.

Running feet sounded on the stairways. The first of the looting rebels were in the palace. A great crash of broken glass was heard.

The King raised his left hand, which held a pistol, to his temple. A shot reverberated, followed by quiet. The King was dead. He had

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of CORONET, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1946. State of Illinois, County of Cook. Before me, a duly authorized notary in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Alfred Smart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of CORONET, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, David A. Smart, Editor, Oscar Dystel; Managing Editor, Harris Shevelson; Business Manager, Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago. 2. That the owner is: ESQUIRE, Inc.; Stockholders: Alfred R. Pastel, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Edgar G. Richards, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Florence Richards, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; David A. Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Louis Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Sue Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Joan Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Richard Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Vera Elden, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; John Smart, c/o Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company of Chicago, 231 LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company of Chicago, Trust U/T/A dated 8/30/1945 with Helen Mary Rowe Gingrich, 231 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; City National Bank & Trust Company of Chicago, Trust U/T/A with David A. Smart dated 10/6/1942, known as Trust #22335, Trust Department, 208 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning to holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and that this affiant has no reason to believe that any person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1946. Alfred Smart, Business Manager (SEAL) Helen Harrington (My commission expires May 25, 1948.)

put a golden bullet, molded long ago, through his brain.

Marie-Louise and the others had disobeyed the King's command. They laid Christophe on a stretcher and at midnight, the Queen, the two Princesses, and little Vastey left by a secret door and started up the long, dark trail leading to Henry's Citadel, while Stewart and Dupuy and the three generals rode with Henry's son, Prince Victor, toward Cap Henry.

At dawn, panting and weak, they staggered through the Citadel's galleries and came out in the brightness of the central court. A few faithful soldiers and officers who had stayed behind came to attention. Willing hands took the heavy stretcher.

Vastey and the Governor of the Citadel whispered in consultation. "There was no time." The Queen and Princesses must be rushed to safety.

A pit of builders' lime lay open in the center of the parade ground. Vastey and the Governor lifted the stretcher high and turned it over. The King's body pitched from its winding sheet and with a sullen splash fell into the lime. It sank,

and the white corrosive lipped on it like a hungry mouth.

Then the bystanders caught their breaths. The surface of the lime was smooth. But above it thrust up the King's right hand and bare black wrist. The hand was clenched. It seemed in death to be still masterful, still strong.

"There was no time." They left him there.

THE REVOLUTIONISTS, fearful lest the royal line go on, murdered Prince Victor Henry. They let Marie-Louise and the daughters go away. But Christophe's kingdom scarce outlived the night. The Republic closed the schools and let the farms fall to jungle. The palaces stayed empty.

After a while the peasants forgot the title "King." No one called him Majesty, or Henry, or Christophe. But till the last of the people of his time had gone away, they spoke of him, when tired thoughts turned back to the old years, as, simply, "L'Homme."

The Man . . . The pride he had hoped for—just a little, in that word they called him by, long after he was dead: Christophe-L'Homme.

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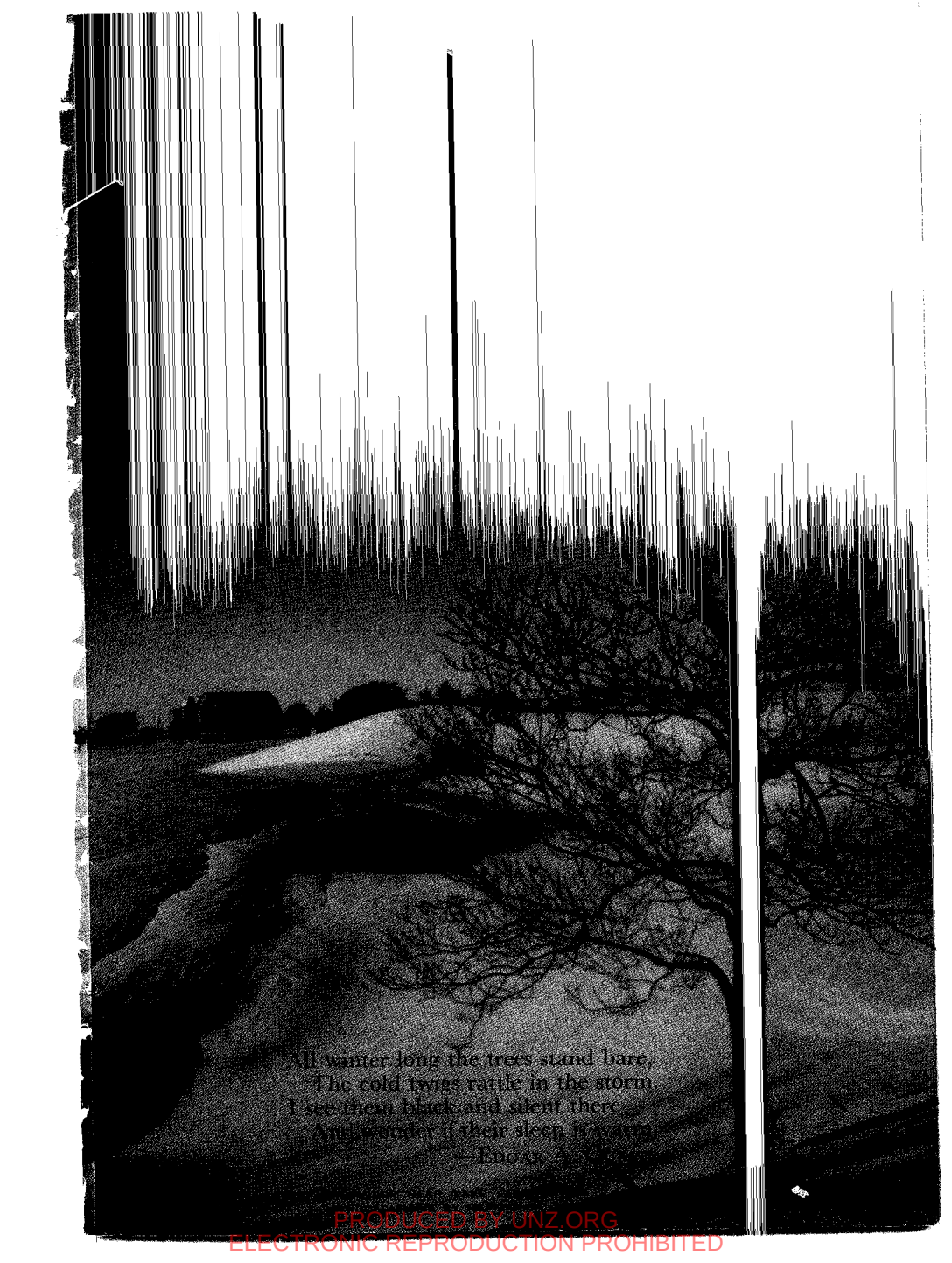
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This Month's Cover: Swan Lake in New York City's Central Park furnished Sheila Beckett with the gay setting for Coronet's January cover. She studied the colorful costumes and the sometimes graceful, sometimes grotesque postures of the skaters, then painted a picture that captures the carefree abandon of America's favorite winter sport. A native of Vancouver, British Columbia, Sheila Beckett is a completely self-trained artist. She has illustrated many children's books, and once spent a year in London doing research for illustrations for a collectors' edition of Gilbert and Sullivan. She is the wife of artist J. Frederick Smith, whose work appears regularly in Esquire Magazine.

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All winter long the trees stand bare,
The cold twigs rattle in the storm.
I see them black and silent there,
And wonder if their sleep is warm.
— E. V. Rieu



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